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THE CRITIC,  
London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD :  
ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

We are happy to hear that the change in the management of the British Museum, which we stated in our last to be impending, has since been carried out. Mr. PANIZZI is now the superintendent of the whole Museum; and his place at the head of the Printed Book department has been taken by Mr. J. WINTER JONES—whose place is, in turn, occupied by Mr. WATTS; and there is a general promotion of a step throughout the Library. We will venture to predict that the public service, so far as the British Museum is concerned, will not suffer by these changes.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Literary Fund, instead of being a quiet and dignified assembly of the literary magnates of the day, for the purpose of considering how best to alleviate the sorrows of their less fortunate brethren, seems to have become converted into an arena for unseemly squabbling and the interchange of criminating personalities. It will be in the recollection of our readers that upon the occasion of the last annual meeting Mr. CHARLES DICKENS headed a party of reformers in demanding a thorough revision of the constitution and working of the society. They complained that too much money was spent upon the expenses of the society; that there was, in fact, too much ostentation and display about the whole matter; and finally, that the presence in the committee of persons not literary was insulting to those who applied to the Fund for assistance. A comparison was instituted between the working of the Literary Fund and that of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, when it was found that the expenses of the latter bore an infinitely less proportion to the gross receipts than the other, and that the amount of good effected was very much greater. After a very animated discussion, it appeared, however, that the Committee was too strong for the reformers, who were accordingly outvoted. This year Mr. DICKENS and his friends proceeded with some deliberation. They circularised the whole body of subscribers to the Fund, and attempted to get a general expression of feeling upon the subject. Mr. DICKENS himself, in a speech of considerable humour, animadverted upon the abuses of the Fund, and especially upon the element of aristocratic patronage which was discoverable in it. In spite, however, of all these strenuous efforts, the reformers were again discomfited and the present constitution of the society affirmed. Now what is the reason of this extraordinary persistence on the part of the committee? Surely they have no special interest in steering the Fund into failure. By no means, but the contrary. One only explanation suggests itself, which is that the committee is, after all, very nearly in the right. Why all this abuse of aristocratic patronage? When Mr. DICKENS was getting up "The Guild of Literature and Art" he could not have too much of aristocratic patronage. The great novelist and "princely DEVONSHIRE" were then hand in glove. But now the poor infirm DUKE is wheeled about in his chair, and the Guild of Literature is—by the way, where is the Guild of Literature? Now that we are inquiring about money spent and inadequate business done, why should we not devote a little spare time to looking up the Guild of Literature? We see the name of it inscribed over some handsome chambers in Wellington-street, and we hear that there is a secretary. But let that pass for the present. We repeat that, in early days of that his pet scheme, Mr. DICKENS seemed never tired of aristocratic patronage. Then why this sudden distaste for it? Is it because he has turned Administrative Reformer, and has set to work to abuse Downing-street in the form of the Circumlocution Office? And then, again, that proposition to form the committee of none but literary men—we fear that Mr. BLACKMORE put the point very truthfully, if coarsely, when he said that "if the funds were to be administered solely by literary men, its business would be transacted in a hole-

and-corner spirit, which the public would never tolerate." And that is the truth. The republic of letters is so cut up into cliques and sets, most of which are so sharply set against each other, are affected by such jealousies, and inspired by such animosities, that to confide the administration of this Fund to any one set of literary men would either be to swamp it altogether, or to confine its benefits exclusively within the limits of one narrow circle. Altogether, we are not sorry that the constitution of the Royal Literary Fund stands as of yore.

Another meeting, not less interesting in its degree, was the gathering at the Adelphi Theatre on Thursday morning, to take into consideration certain facts connected with Alleyne's College, at Dulwich. It is very well known that the increased value of the estates left by EDWARD ALLEYNE for the purpose of his foundation (most piously named "God's Gift") demands some expansion of the trusts of his will, to meet the circumstances of the case. The business has been before the Charity Commissioners for some time past, and they have been endeavouring to devise some just and beneficent way of spending the surplus money, without deviating very materially from the terms of ALLEYNE's will. Upon this hint, Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, having long had his mind set upon the matter, spoke out in favour of "the poor player." His argument was fair and legitimate, and his demand has been pronounced by the Charity Commissioners to be modest. He urged that ALLEYNE was himself an actor; that he made his fortune by acting; that all his life he behaved kindly to actors; and that, to the day of his death, he was never ashamed to own that he had been an actor. Why, then (Mr. WEBSTER argues), should not one-fourth of this surplus income, which has come like a blessing upon "God's Gift," be expended in alleviating the distresses of the poor actor, and in educating his children? This is all Mr. WEBSTER asks, and the Charity Commissioners have recommended his request to the favourable notice of Parliament. We also understand that the parishes to which the benefits of the college were restricted under ALLEYNE's will do not intend to oppose the scheme. And this is nothing but fair. These parishes were in ALLEYNE's time precisely the localities in which actors dwelt, and there is every reason to believe that that very circumstance guided him in his selection of them. Times and places have changed since ALLEYNE's day; and the number of actors who now reside within the boundaries of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, St. Luke's, Old-street road, and St. Saviour's, Southwark, must be few indeed.

The meeting at the Adelphi Theatre went off very satisfactorily. Mr. CHARLES DICKENS was chairman, and worthily sustained the office. Every leading actor of the day, with the solitary exception of Mr. CHARLES KEAN, attended to assist in the good work, and to many of them the different resolutions were entrusted for moving and seconding. No little amusement was created by an attempt on the part of Mr. KEELEY to move a resolution which had been placed in his hands. As soon as he presented himself and attempted to read his resolution, he was saluted with shouts of laughter, and not a word of the document could be heard. Mr. BUCKSTONE, in seconding the same resolution, turned the laughter into a legitimate channel by making a funny speech. In the course of the proceedings, Mr. WEBSTER and his friends were agreeably surprised by a speech from a gentleman, who announced himself as one of the committee appointed to see to the matter for one of the interested parishes, and who stated that, so far as he was concerned, he could assure them that his parish would not oppose Mr. WEBSTER's request.

In referring to the preliminary examination for the Civil Service, we have more than once taken occasion to contradict the assertions which have appeared in print, that the standard set up by the examiners is in any degree too stringent. Anxious to purge themselves from the odium of having exercised their office with undue severity, the Commissioners appointed to examine candidates have published a report, in which they give an analysis of the examination, and of the causes which have influenced the rejection of candidates. From this it appears that all the commissioners have insisted upon a good knowledge of spelling, writing, and arithmetic, and only in some departments have they required a knowledge of history, geography, Latin, or some

foreign language. Surely this is not too high a standard for youths who seek employment in the public service. But what has been the result? Why, that five-sixths of the rejected candidates have been rejected on the ground of gross ignorance of the three simplest rudiments of the most ordinary education—spelling, writing, and arithmetic. Since June last, 1078 candidates have been examined, and 309 have been rejected. Of these 309 not less than 250 were plucked in the three branches of knowledge above named. Now, let us ask those who have thoughtlessly complained of the severity of the Civil Service Examiners, whether they themselves would have taken into their own offices as clerk a young man who could neither write a letter without misspelling it, nor calculate correctly a common sum in arithmetic?

The return of Mr. INGRAM to Parliament, as member for Boston, is an event not remotely connected with literature. Mr. INGRAM is the proprietor and founder of that journal which enjoys a numerical circulation second only to the *Times* itself—the *Illustrated London News*. The "architect of his own fortune," Mr. INGRAM has risen from a position of quiet respectability to be a man of some mark in the world; and we cannot but hail his entrance into the Legislature as an indication of that growing influence which is now most justly accruing to the press of this country—the hitherto almost unrepresented Fourth Estate. The *Saturday Review*, the organ of a clever but rampant Toryism, abuses Mr. INGRAM roundly for presuming to offer himself as a candidate to represent the town in which he was born, and in the neighbourhood of which he has invested a large portion of his honestly-earned wealth. The objections of the *Saturday Review* seem to be chiefly based upon the ground that Mr. INGRAM is a journalist, and the writer of the article indulges in a vehement tirade against the admission of journalists at all into the House of Commons. This is all very natural; those who were of the same way of thinking with the writers in the *Saturday Review* once objected to journalists altogether, and shut up LEIGH HUNT in prison for having the audacity to record an undoubted fact. No wonder, then, that they object to the admission of journalists into the Legislature. But we have already many journalists in the House—we have WALTER, BAINES, MALL, WILSON,—not to mention Sir G. C. LEWIS and DISRAELI (for they are of "the press-gang" too); and now INGRAM, a sensible and well-principled man, without any undue pretensions or vulgar prejudices, has gone in to swell the band. We hope to see it larger yet.

On Wednesday evening, there was a meeting of the Marylebone rate-payers to take into consideration by what means they might best insure the adoption of Mr. EWART's Act for the Establishment of Free Libraries; and also how they could promote the welfare of their own institution. The chair was taken by Sir BENJAMIN HALL; and, after much discussion, a committee was appointed to consider what steps should be adopted.

The animated discussion excited by the purchase of the picture called the "Adoration of the Magi" for the National Gallery, is a topic rather belonging to the Fine Arts than to Literature; but the prominent position which it has lately occupied in the journals and in the periodical press makes it necessary to take some notice of it in a summary which professes to include everything within the purview of literature. It appears that "doctors differ" as to the merits or demerits of this work of art. Most of the painters who are not officially attached to the National Gallery concur in condemnation of the purchase, and Mr. CONINGHAM (a critic of some authority) is loud in his dispraise of the whole transaction. On the other hand, the *Examiner* takes up the cudgels for the Trustees of the National Gallery, and defends the purchase upon all grounds—the genuineness of the picture, its excellence as a work of art, and the reasonableness of the price. We have received the following letter from a connoisseur, well known for his knowledge of such matters, and as we think it may throw some light upon the argument, we willingly give it insertion here:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Having just returned from the Continent, with a vivid impression of the works of Paolo Veronese in Italy and in the Louvre, I write to protest against the lamentable want of judgment

shown in the purchase of the picture which has recently been hung in the National Gallery, as a production of that master. Even were it granted that this picture ever was by Paolo Veronese, it certainly would have but little claim to be received as such now; for, besides that its entire surface has been greatly damaged by over-cleaning, there is scarcely any portion of it that has not been stippled up or repainted. So coarsely, indeed, and by so incompetent a hand has the repainting been executed, that very little acquaintance with pictures is necessary to detect it.

But, Sir, there is strong evidence that the "Adoration of the Magi" is not by Paolo Veronese, but merely an inferior school picture. That evidence is the absence of the best characteristics of the artist. I do not forget that we are discussing a master of the decline of the Venetian school, not one who flourished in the meridian grandeur of the Tuscan, the Lombard, or the Roman. Yet no one will deny to Paolo Veronese a certain magnificence of composition, considerable power of drawing, harmony and brilliancy of colouring, and a striking proficiency in perspective. In vain we look for such qualities in the meanly-designed, feebly-drawn, discordant and slaty-looking canvas just imported, its Patagonian-proportioned figures in the middle plane threatening to push the dwarf-like objects on the foreground headlong upon the spectator. Who will recognise in such a production the mind that conceived and the hand that executed the pictures in the Church of St. Sebastian, and in the Pisani and Doge's Palaces in Venice, the "Marriage of Cana," or even the "Consecration of St. Nicholas" which faces it? Damaged as the last-named work was by the "cleaning" of 1852, it nevertheless still bears the stamp of the master. And now a word about cost. I am not one to grudge a liberal price for a well-preserved, genuine, and favourable specimen of any master worthy of a place

in the national collection. The price, however, of the late acquisition would be excessive, even had it been an undoubted Paolo Veronese. It is well known to all who are conversant with the market value of pictures that Paolo Veronese is a master whose works, whether from their being frequently met with, or from their holding comparatively only a subordinate rank in art, are obtainable at moderate prices. To bestow 1771, besides "travelling and incidental expenses," upon such a work as the "Adoration of the Magi" is a culpable expenditure of public money. I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

F. Y. HURLSTONE.

9, Chester-street, Belgrave-square,  
March 12th.

Monday next will witness the birth of two curiosities in newspaper literature—a morning paper and an evening paper of full size, and to be sold at a penny each. Manchester energy and Manchester money will do much; but it remains to be seen whether they can succeed in establishing a cheap paper on the *terrain* so long domineered over by the *Times*. Hitherto it must be admitted that, from some cause or other, the cheap papers have not succeeded in a commercial point of view. Whether this has arisen from their inherent badness, or from causes demonstrable by arithmetic, we cannot now stop to inquire; but we understand that the new papers (the *Morning Star* and the *Evening Star*) are backed up with both money and influence, and that neither will be spared in testing the experiment to its utmost, one way or other.

The booksellers' lists announce some novelties which will be looked for with interest. The death of HEINRICH HEINE, and the success of Mr. LELAND's translation of his *Reisebilder*, has evoked a translator of his songs in the person

of Mr. JOHN E. WALLIS. The volume may be shortly expected, and will be published by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL. The same publishers announce a new novel by AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN, to be called "The Ring and the Veil," and also a work on "The Border Lands of Spain" by an anonymous hand. HURST and BLACKETT advertise an addition to the War literature in the shape of a "Journal of Adventures with the British Army," by GEORGE CAVENDISH TAYLOR, late of the 95th Regiment; also a novel called "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," by the author of "Woman's Devotion." SMITH, ELDER and Co., announce a work on "The European Revolution of 1848," by EDWARD CAYLEY, and a volume on "The Political Life of Sir Robert Peel," by T. DOUBLEDAY. We should have thought that the latter had become, by this time, a hackneyed subject.

The Auctioneers have several collections of books and works of art that are likely to prove tempting to connoisseurs who have money in their pockets. The more important of these are—Colonel SIRTHORPE's collection of works of art, particularly of the ceramic branch; Mr. ROGERS's collections, and also the library; a collection of works of art left by CHARLES HALL, Esq.; Mr. EMERSON's pictures; and the library of T. COPELAND, Esq., F.R.S.

A petition has been presented to Parliament from "a respectable congregation of Christians at Newington-green," praying for an improved version of the Bible, on account of the inaccuracies and errors with which the authorised version abounds. This seems a question rather for Convocation than for Parliament. L.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### PHILOSOPHY.

*An Introduction to Theosophy.* London: Kendrick. 1855.

THOUGH the English pride themselves on their practical character in religion, as in everything else, yet is there in the deepest nature of our countrymen a strong mystical tendency. This is less shown in the silent empire gradually acquired by the books of Swedenborg, whose system is said to have numerous believers among the clergy of all denominations, than by the great religious outbreaks which were the unavoidable results of a suppressed Puritanism. At and after the restoration, the earnest mind of England, which had not been able, through Cromwell's premature death, completely to utter and to organise itself in ecclesiastical and political institutions and in social life, went in three very divergent paths. Sick of prevailing frivolities, and disgusted with prevailing corruptions, it tried to resuscitate the remotest past, and a sombre king, the successor of a profligate one, was the unworthy champion and the inglorious martyr of the endeavour. Rushing the more into idealism, the more the real was one hideous and howling abomination, it sought food and consolation and hope in Platonic philosophy, and in republican visions. Rebellious against dead forms and frigid formulas, it questioned the inner light, that light which lightens every man that cometh into the world, and found revealings whose overpowering blaze begot the enthusiasm which as Quakerism became so famous. Meanwhile Nonconformity and Anglicanism, caring little for these movements, except in their political aspects, stood opposite to each other as rival, but not as actively conflicting forces: the former, rather the pretentious pedantry of exhausted polemics than anything else; the latter, adding much through Barrows and Taylors and Souths to England's literary renown, but contributing little to its religious vitality. This, however, was sufficiently provided for by Quakerism, even if no other agency from on high had been enthroning itself in English homes and in English hearts. When Quakerism had given all its rich gifts and was drying and hardening into one of those semblances which it had begun by denouncing, Methodism arose, a less profound, but far fiercer energy. The

original creed and the original current of Methodism were essentially mystical: the creed still remains mystical; the current has been frozen by the enormous and grimly overshadowing wall raised round it of sectarian severance. Methodism continues the most perfect and complex of Protestant organisations; yet it is exclusively as an organisation that it must now be viewed, for the warm blood flows in it no more. There is a fable, that in the early and blessed days every stalk of corn bore lavish ears down to the very root; men wasted, or could not appreciate the abundance, and the Holy God withdrew it, and sent them only one ear, and sometimes nothing but a withered ear. How rapidly do new religious sects and new religious systems pass, from the stalk laden with ears to the very root, to the single ear, and then to the withered ear—type alike of most wicked wastefulness and most tragic decline. But, though no longer growing in fields, ill cultivated just in the degree that they are well inclosed, the gorgeous stalk of a hundred ears will be found by the devout pilgrim in solitary spots. As soon as Methodism settled into a decorous common-place and a timid respectability, like the older religious bodies, the English mystical instinct went in search of a dwelling-place beyond the boundary of sects and systems. It was for a moment distracted by the thunder of the French Revolution, but merely to rush back with the more insatiate avidity to its conquests. These cannot be made known, cannot be discoursed of to the uncircumcised ear. But in England's grand approaching developments their miraculous might will be disclosed. It is not enough to say of this generation that religiously it is infinitely more earnest than the generation immediately preceding it. Far below the heaving chaos—alas! as yet it is nothing more, and often we know it to be trembling toward creation only from the hot mud of fanaticism which dashes in our face—far below are the mystical elements working, working potently, toward England's divinest religious reformation.

When the history of England's spiritual growth is written a foremost name will be that of William Law. This excellent and eminent man's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life" is well known to most readers—which Gibbon praised as among the few religious books he had

been interested by reading, and to which Johnson ascribed the most momentous crisis and the most abiding change in his inner experience. Popular as this work is, it is not generally known that William Law was the author of many other devotional productions. The whole of his pieces can, we believe, now and then be obtained in a collected edition. But, even if this were not so rare as it is, it would be beyond the reach of any but wealthy hunters of curiosities for the library. What we should like to see is a new edition—an edition accessible to the poorest of the pious—of whatever William Law wrote, accompanied by a biography, furnishing not merely the amplest details regarding him, but a picture of his influence on an age which is generally regarded as having been much more barren and cold religiously than it was. It is as a kind of preparation for this that we must consider the volume before us, the bulk of which consists of treatises by Law, with an introduction and annotations by the compiler, Mr. Walton—a gentleman who proves the sincerity of his faith in what some may think rather a laughable fashion, by a proposal to raise a hundred thousand pounds for the establishment of a Theosophic College, to which proposal we see no objection whatever except the exceeding improbability of getting the money or even a twentieth part of it. We think also that Mr. Walton is either himself no true theosopher, or that he egregiously errs in supposing that theosophy can be popularised. Theosophy or mysticism is the esoteric part of religion. It wars with no orthodoxies, proclaims no heresies, is the favourer of no schisms. It takes accepted creeds just as it finds them, fills them with pregnant meanings, and gives them spiritual interpretations. It goes from that which is without to that which is within; never from that which is within to that which is without. Mr. Walton would reverse the process, and thus would break down the essential distinction between the esoteric and the exoteric, on which mysticism is based. Mysticism cannot be taught, any more than you can teach a man to be a poet. Both etymologically and in fact, religion is mainly a social power: it has been said to regulate each individual nature while rallying all individualities: it has been said to bind man interiorly by love and rebind him exteriorly by faith. At all events, it is an organising force canopied by ritual splendours.

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But the mystic finds not in gorgeous ceremonies, or in vast multitudes kneeling in ecstasy or in contrition on the floor of a grand and venerable temple, that which his soul seeketh. In the glad silence, in the fertile secrecy, in the swarming phantasies of his own being, he has the only domain for which he has ever panted. Shut up, though from no selfish rapture, in that domain—for he has ever an opulent breast and a bounteous hand for all the charities—he shuns rather than courts brotherhood in the things of the spirit. There is no pride of privilege in this, though there is often the unspeakable gratitude for a privilege. It may with truth be said of the most exalted mystics that they sought rather to be unknown than to be known. If into burning, yearning hymns and other writings they poured thoughts that were feelings, feelings that were thoughts, it was not because either publicity or proselytism had charms for them, but because they could not chain their plenitude of emotion, their exuberance of bliss. We think that Theosophy or Mysticism has a mighty and holy vocation in England; but let us beware of vulgarising, that which is no longer valuable when tossed into the common treasury of human ideas. It is often a diviner duty to consider what we have to withhold than what we have to communicate to our brethren. Civilisation has been rendered shallow and sterile in modern times, simply because the art of communication has been considered the greatest of arts. The greatest of arts, on the contrary, is to keep men from thinking that the tree of knowledge is the tree of life. It is not from dwelling in the Known, but from their reverence for the Unknown, that men are urged by an irresistible impulse to seek perfection. Now it is well that besides the deity of the Unknown, the Almighty Father, there should be on this earth priests and a priesthood of the Unknown, more sacred, more salutary, more authoritative even, in their lowliness and obscurity, than the most magnificent hierarchies. The mystics are that priesthood of the Unknown. They are divine oracles that speak from not speaking. They are the poets of prayer, when prayer shrinks back from the startled lips into a profounder meditation than that which inspired the prayer. Mysticism, however, like religion itself, has its affectations and its hypocrisies. As some of our neighbours may think themselves better than we by believing more; some of them may think themselves better by having, or seeming to have, greater depth in their belief. The pride of superior profundity is quite as seductive and dangerous as the pride of superior sanctity; and, as the latter is the pride of the sensual, so the former is sure to be the pride of the superficial. It is manifested most in those regions where everything but industrialism is superficial—the United States of America. There every religious agitation takes the shape of a false mysticism, which, if unchecked, may prove more disastrous than the most formidable of America's social and political difficulties. Are we, however, to reject the true mysticism because the false is, wherever it comes, a leprosy, a blasphemy, and a lie? As well reject true religion altogether, because false religion is the foulest and most flagrant of insults to the serene and merciful Heavens. It is easy to retire to the tepid and the timorous from the extravagancies of credulity; but there is not exceeding merit in the circumspection. For certain wealthy ecclesiastical corporations, it is pleaded that they are restraints on the wild outbursts of fanaticism, and thus transfuse the community with a soberness not too gloomily serious. In that case, however valuable they may be as schools of manners and as instruments of police, they lose to the extent of the benefits they thus confer their religious character, their religious fervour and fruitfulness. As there is in religion a pride of sanctity and a pride of profundity, so there is what may be called a pride of lukewarmness. Your mere man of the world, who is troubled neither by strong passions nor strong convictions, is as vain of not being in earnest, wherein overwhelming earnestness is the supreme test of reality, as if he were accomplishing the most stupendous sacrifice for the human race. He displays also an ignorance as egregious as his folly; for it is not with the lightnings, but with the rainbows, that mysticism deals. In mysticism there is no element of passion. Feudal intuition, ecstatic contemplation, glowing imagination, an eye dreamy with the desire of the richest and most radiant colours, rather than keen with the appetite for the most beautiful forms—all these distinguish mysticism. It

might almost be described as an inner kingdom of living hues—a labyrinth of tints, where, the more we lose ourselves, the more does vision seem to become the substitute for every other mode of perceiving and conceiving. Yet the visionary and the mystic are far from being the same; for, however the rainbows may flash, and with whatever rapture they may pierce him, the mystic has ever an awed and docile glance for the abysses of unfathomable mystery on which they rest: if the rainbows shine on the visionary, he cares not to look beyond. The absence of passion, however, is equally conspicuous in both, and ought to disarm much of the prejudice and the fear which exist regarding them. As nothing but passion can effect a needed and noble religious revolution among the multitude, so nothing but passion can in religion lead the multitude astray. It was as a mass of flaming passion that Luther convulsed the Christian world and shattered the citadel of all Christian abominations; it was as a mass of filthy passion that Joseph Smith hurled the coarse semblance of a theocracy at the most democratic of modern institutions. There is a species of mysticism which, it must be confessed, has an ugly and vigorous leaven of passion—monastic mysticism; but this is because it is morbid and artificial—fiercely stimulated when not ridiculously simulated. Perhaps the obscene books ever written are those by monastic mystics. They are the unnatural utterances of an execrably unnatural life. It would be unfair, however, to suppose that the Roman Catholic Church encourages such monstrosities. A notorious work, filled with bestial mysticism, which had crept into extensive circulation in France, Bossuet reprobated with the utmost pith of his eloquence; and, indeed, we cannot believe that any church, however superstitious, or however willing to profit from superstition, would intentionally promote what is directly hostile to morality and order, though the best churches, no less than the worst, are too ready to subordinate both morality and order to the establishment of their dominion and the accomplishment of their favourite schemes. What monastic mystics are capable of saying we know from what they are capable of doing. A French saint called Margaret Alacoque, who was born in 1647 and who died in 1690, regarded herself, and was regarded by bishops and others, as having had a surprising aversion for sin at three years of age; as having begun to converse interiorly with God at four; as having been cured by the Virgin of bodily infirmities to which she had been subject from her childhood, in grateful memory whereof she changed her name to Mary; as having received the gift of prophecy and of miracle from Christ, and as having had personal interviews with him; as having accurately predicted the day on which her confessor should die, and that on which she herself should die—the confessor, in accordance with the tradition, having preceded her to heaven. Now every one is at liberty to accept as little or as much of all these things as he chooses. Some would remorselessly ridicule them; some would reject them with indignation; some would account for them rationalistically; some would view them as simple psychological curiosities; some would give them the most devout and implicit credence. But what will the feeling of the credulous or the incredulous be when we state that this French saint professed to derive the most ineffable pleasure from cutting the name of Jesus in large characters on her bosom with a knife? That here was no falsehood, no boasting, that she had this ineffable pleasure, we are fully persuaded. Surround a woman with convent walls; give to her pious emotions, her warm phantasy, her warmer affections, but one object—that object the dearest in earth because the divinest in heaven; and for that object, and in the sublime delirium of that brain, the most exquisite pain will be changed into the most exquisite pleasure. At all events the French Catholics must have deemed Margaret Alacoque sincere; for when, a few years after her death, a little mystical book of hers was published, called "Devotion to the Heart of Jesus," a religious festival was instituted, in consequence called that of the Sacred Heart. Now this is insane mysticism; a horrible apocalypse of the abnormal and the amorphous, like the strange shapes which, when seeking something similar and kindred to the most beautiful animals with which we are familiar, we find among the zoophytes. And yet, as among the zoophytes, if we are patient and thorough observers, we discover not alone a world of wonders, but also a world of

beauty: so, amid what is most repulsive in monastic mysticism, may we, if gifted with honest and pious eyes, discern things the deepest and divinest. Still it is not a region which we can invite any but mystical souls to enter: it is dangerous for all others.

To William Law's banquet, however, we can invite every one. His defect rather is in having too little of what the monastic mystics have in excess. The true spirituality we meet everywhere in his works, and the truest love; but the imagination is not rich and the colours are not gorgeous. Jeremy Taylor and William Law should be read together—the most magnificent poetry thus crowning and clothing the most exalted religion.

ATTICUS.

## HISTORY.

*Russia, its Rise and Progress, Tragedies and Revolutions.*  
By the Rev. THOS. MILNER, M.A. London: Longman and Co.

MR. MILNER has a faculty for popular writing; he is an excellent book-maker; he seizes the salient points of a subject and puts them into an attractive form; but he can lay no claim to originality. He is not a historian in the proper sense of that term, nor are his historical productions destined to long life. They are composed for the occasion, and will die with it; but they serve very well the purpose of the hour, and help to spread widely knowledge that in its original shape would be hidden from the multitude.

Such a superficial, temporary, but very readable book is this sketch of the history of Russia. It precisely ministers to the need of the time, which is for a lively and pictorial narrative. Necessarily got up hastily, it has many faults, but these may be forgiven for the sake of the better qualities which recommend it to large classes who would not have ventured upon a better book.

*The Heroes of History: Oliver Cromwell.* Edited by the Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., LL.D. New York: Dickinson. London: Low. What means the term "edited" on the title-page? Is Mr. Hawks the writer of this history, or only the editor? If only the editor, who is the author? Why is his name concealed? There was no need for secrecy, for there is no cause to be ashamed of the book, which is more than respectable as a composition. Although compressing the life of Cromwell into 300 pages, the principal incidents are told without dryness, and it is a very readable volume.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey.*  
Edited by his Son-in-law, JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D. In 4 vols. Vol. I and II. Longman. 1856.

"Southey was a dull man of genius;" this saying was a happy hit in conversation, and is worth recording. Amiable, kindly, pure, honourable, devotee of books, possessing much literary faculty, industrious to a wonder, Southey's character has much to deserve respect and to explain the warm admiration of his personal friends. But nowhere is the judgment of personal friends so frequently at fault as in regard to literary performances. Southey rated himself as a hero in letters, a demigod—so his circle of friends appear to do still; they keep pouring in to print his letters, journals, common-place books, scraps, memoranda, with an affectionate credulity which is almost touching. A selection of about a tenth of the matter might have been worth publishing to the world—perhaps a twentieth would have sufficed. Of the deliberate works of this long indefatigable and in many points respectable writer, the Poet, Historian, Laureate, LL.D., Quarterly Reviewer, Celebrity of the nineteenth century, Robert Southey, who died only the other year, how many have taken permanent root in the forest, shrubbery, and garden of English literature? Who reads his "History of Brazil," or of the "Peninsular War?" Who quotes from his poems, notwithstanding their high morality and frequent beauty? Has he subduced a realm, an island, a parish, to rule it henceforth "as his domain?" Alas, for human ambition!—the "foolish ballad" (as Southey calls it in a letter, indignant of its comparative popularity) of "Mary the Maid of the Inn," and two or three other little things, none of them of first-rate excellence, are all that seem to have taken any hold of people's ears and memories out of so many thousand lines; and of his multifarious prose, a short "Life of Nelson," first written as a review article, and in no way a

remarkable performance, except as having been much overpraised—Mr. Murray perhaps knows why—is his only popular work. Talk as you will of the ass's ears of the Reading Public, it is surprising how soon, in general, they come to guess that chalk is not cheese, nor Doctor Dove a genuine relation of *Tristram Shandy*. O, that *Doctor!* what a melancholy wilderness of useleas learning and dreary jocularity the book is, with a few little spots of green grass here and there. Probably the most agreeable trait in *Southey's* character was the love and contentment of his family life. He was always unwilling to leave home, glad to return. His children were an unfailing delight to him; he was their companion, teacher, and playfellow. Peaceable and happy enough on the whole was his life in beautiful Keswick Vale, with his wife and children, books and mountains, conversation and correspondence with friends, visits to London and elsewhere. That upon which he chiefly prided himself was, as so often happens, in truth his bane—the *cacoethes scribendi*, in excess. This, along with his book-worming and memoranda-making tendencies, and his extreme self-conceit, made him the most prolix of modern authors. He thought to write for the sake of pay, to be a *hack-writer*—which, disguise it as you like, is the real description of him—and at the same time to earn an immortal place among the great teachers of the human race. The result was money enough for his needs, recognition and reputation enough to support his dream of future glory—an overwrought brain, and a sun that set into dark vapour—and now, when he is gone, a flood of letters, common-place books, commenting friends, relatives, and son-in-laws, which shall also pass away speedily enough, to leave no great amount of permanent residuum.

Among the noteworthy passages in the volumes before us appear to be some hints of that other author, as much higher in genius as lower in character than R. S.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

I have, as you may suppose, had many things said to me concerning the "Friend," but nothing so much to the purpose as what you have remarked. It is not a little extraordinary that Coleridge, who is fond of logic, and who has an actual love and passion for close, hard thinking, should write in so rambling and inconclusive a manner; while I, who am utterly incapable of that toil of thought in which he delights, never fail to express myself perspicuously, and to the point. I owe, perhaps, something of this to the circumstance of having lived with him during that year in my life which was most likely to give my mind its lasting character. Disliking his inordinate love of talking, I was naturally led to avoid the same fault; when we were alone, and he talked his best (which was always at those times), I was pleased to listen; and when we were in company, and I heard the same things repeated—repeated to every fresh company, seven times in the week if we were in seven parties—still I was silent, in great measure from depression of spirits at perceiving those vices in his nature which soon appeared to be incurable. When he provoked me into an argument, I made the most of my time; and, as it was not easy to get in more than a few words, took care to make up in weight for what they wanted in measure. His habits have continued, and so have mine. Coleridge requested me to write him such a letter upon the faults of the "Friend" as he might insert and reply to. I did so; but it was not inserted, and therefore I am sorry I did not copy it. It described the fault you have remarked as existing in Burke, and having prevented him from ever persuading anybody to his opinions—for Burke made no proselytes except such as wanted an excuse for professing to change their party. You read his book, you saw what his opinions were; but they were given in such a way, evolving the causes of everything, and involving the consequences, that you never knew from whence he set out, nor where he was going. So it is with C.; he goes to work like a hound, nosing his way, turning, and twisting, and winding, and doubling, till you get weary with following the mazy movements. My way is, when I see my object, to dart at it like a greyhound. Never was anything so grievously mismanaged as the "Friend." Because he would have all the profit (having taken it in his head that I was cheated by my publisher), he would publish for himself; thus has he the whole trouble of collecting his money, the whole responsibility, instead of having a publisher to look to; and the expense of postage will far, very far, exceed any publisher's per-cent. Then he writes to the public about all his difficulties and his projects, as if they wanted to know anything about them—not perceiving that this lowers him in the eyes of the foolish, and certainly does not raise him in the judgment of the wise. And certainly of all modes of publication that could be devised, nothing could be so ill adapted for such materials as a weekly form. Had he brought out these same papers in a body, either as a system, or as so many essays, they would have

commanded more attention, he would have been saved the whole anxiety of periodical exertion, and people would have had no reason to complain because they found something altogether different from what they expected. However, we must be glad to get some part of what is in him out of him in any way. Satyrane is himself, though, if you are versed in Spenser, you will think the name marvellously inappropriate. . . . Coleridge has been here; he groaned at the mention of —; talked of writing the life himself, and said he would, that very night, write to offer his services. This, of course, he has not done; nor, if he undertook it, is it likely that he would accomplish that, or anything else. I meant to have asked him about the inscription, but he talked the thought of it out of my head: however, I will write to him on the next carrier's day. . . . Coleridge will doubtless offend the Unitarians; for it is upon that point that his opinions, or, more accurately speaking, his professions, are altered. As for his political notions, the main difference is not in the end and aim of them, but in the way of coming to those conclusions. In the conclusions themselves he will be found to differ very little from Wordsworth and myself, both of us, as you know, tolerable plain-spoken men upon such matters. That C. writes worse than he did ten years ago is certain. He rambles now as much in his writings as in his conversation—beginning at Dan, and wandering on to Beersheba. Still there are in those numbers of the "Friend," some passages of first-rate excellence, and the principles of morality are placed in them upon their only firm foundation. There his philosophy is firm as a rock; all other systems of ethics are built upon sand. . . . From Coleridge I could, without difficulty, procure you a promise, but am very certain that such a promise would end in nothing. His good nature would render it impossible for him to refuse, and his habits would render it still more impossible for him to perform what he had thus incautiously pledged himself to do. . . . I inserted some articles of Coleridge's in the book, merely in the hope of getting something from him in this way; he had literally only to cut them out of his common-place books. It was my intention to make four volumes instead of two, in this manner; but he kept the press waiting fifteen months for an unfinished article, so that at last I ordered the sheet in which it was begun to be cancelled, in despair. I have marked whatever is his, and you will wish that it were more.

After all, how much better to wear out one's brain than rust it out, though either way is imprudent.

*Southey's* self-conceit is too conspicuous to be missed in the most cursory glance. He says of his "History of Portugal":

If the work have but half the success of Gibbon's or of Roceo's its profits will be important. I know that it shall be of more permanent reputation.

He asks a correspondent about *Thalaba*:

Now I will avow myself confident enough to ask you if you know any other poem of equal originality except the "Fairy Queen," which I regard almost with a religious love and veneration?

And tells the same:

My dear friend, I have a full and well-founded faith in the hope you express, that my reputation will indeed stand high hereafter. Already I have enough; but it will be better discriminated hereafter.

Of *Madoc*, he says:

My great book, Wynn tells me, is almost as universally admired as he would wish, and that, he says, is as much as I can desire. The great admirers of "Thalaba" will probably prefer "Madoc"; the difference is, as between the "Tempest" and the "Coriolanus" or the "Timon"—the one poem relates to fancy, the other to human character. I have just been saying, in another letter, that "Madoc" looks as if I had grown old before my time—the tone of thought and feeling is so sober, and the whole colouring so like that of an evening sunshine; but the whole character was given it before "Thalaba" was written. It was pitched seven years ago. I am satisfied with it; and, die when I may, my monument is made. . . . With regard to "Kehama," I was perfectly aware that I was planting acorns while my contemporaries were setting Turkey beans. The oak will grow, and though I may never sit under its shade, my children will. Of the "Lady of the Lake," 25,000 copies have been printed—of "Kehama," 500; and if they sell in seven years I shall be surprised.

*Southey* frequently mentions Scott (who treated him with great kindness), and nearly always with contempt. That feeling was better justified in the case of another acquaintance, of whom we have the following amusing sketch:

When we reached the great city Jeffrey was invited by a friend of Elmsley's to meet me at supper. As his review of "Madoc" was then printed, though not published, he thought proper to send it me first, that I might meet him or not, as I felt disposed. This was gentlemanly conduct. Having been reviewed now above three score times, it is not very likely that

I should feel much affected by praise or censure. I met him in good humour, which, if I had not been disposed so to do, I could not have helped, on seeing an *homunculus* of five foot one, with a face which, upon a larger scale, would be handsome, but can now only be called pretty, enunciating his words as if he had studied elocution under John Thelwall, of whom indeed he is an Elzevir edition in better binding. After supper we got upon the general question of taste. You would have been amused to have seen how he flourished about, endeavouring to imply an apology without making one, and talking at what he did not talk of; and how I, on my part, without mentioning his review, quoted its phrases occasionally, took up his principles of criticism without once referring to their application, and in the best-natured way in the world, made him fully sensible that he was—but five foot one! Upon my soul, I cannot feel offended with a thing so insignificant. He has wit and readiness, but in taste and learning so mere a child, and so utterly feeble in intellect, that I was actually astonished. Indeed, the whole corps of Edinburgh reviewers appear miserably puny to me, who have been accustomed to live with strong men. Jeffrey came back in the stage with us, to visit the Lakes, and supped here; so you see we are good friends. What I condemn in him is, a habit of speaking of books worse than he thinks of them, because ill-natured things are said with better effect than good-natured ones, and liked better; and for the sake of selling his reviews he often abuses books in print which he makes no scruple to praise in conversation. But his praise and his censure are alike hazardous and worthless.

We make the next quotation from a letter to Mr. John Rickman, because it well expresses the more private feelings of humanity on the most interesting of all events:

Keswick, August 17—20. 1809.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,—I can wish you nothing better than that your life may be as long, your age as hale, and your death as easy as your father's. The death of a parent is a more awful sorrow than that of a child, but a less painful one: it is in the inevitable order and right course of nature that ripe fruit should fall; it seems like one of its mishaps when the green bud is cut off. In the outward and visible system of things nothing is wasted: it would therefore be belying the whole system to believe that intellect and love—which are of all things the best—could perish. I have a strong and lively faith in a state of continued consciousness from this stage of existence, and that we shall recover the consciousness of some lower stages through which we may previously have passed seems to me not improbable. The supposition serves for dreams and systems—the belief is a possession more precious than any other. I love life, and can thoroughly enjoy it; but if to exist were but a lifehold property, I am doubtful whether I should think the lease worth holding. It would be better never to have been than ever to cease to be. Still I shall hope for your coming. You would at any rate have been inconveniently late for the Highlands, for which as near Midsummer as possible is the best season. September is the best for this country.

In conclusion, we cannot avoid remarking that Mr. Warter's preface and notes are extremely deficient, both in judgment and taste. Neither can we agree with him in thinking that *Southey's* general profession of orthodox opinions will prevent many readers from being offended by the parody on the Book of Genesis, extending from page 362 to 370 of the second volume, in which Eve is described in Scriptural language as eating a *forbidden potato*, and thereafter giving birth to the founder of the Milesian race. Certainly the vagaries of orthodoxy (if the writer of this were orthodox) are sometimes as singular as those of scepticism.

## EDUCATION.

*Lessons in General Knowledge; an Elementary Reading Book.* By R. J. MANN, Longman. Lessons designed at once to attract the pupil's attention, to implant useful knowledge, and to teach him the art of reading. Dr. Mann has admirably succeeded in simplifying science so as to make it intelligible to the young. We can heartily commend this volume to parents and masters—to homes and schools.

*An Elementary Atlas of History and Geography.* By the Rev. J. S. BREWER, M.A. London: Longman. This Atlas is truly what it is termed, historical. The maps are placed in historical order; each one represents the country as it was at the particular epoch. Each map is accompanied with a sketch of history of the period represented. It commences with the Roman Empire in the fourth century, and concludes with the world as it is. How long before it will need alteration? Some changes will be effected by the conferences now sitting.

## RELIGION.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE subject of national education, although sufficiently perplexing everywhere, presents no such formidable difficulties in this country as it does in Ireland. There, owing to the perpetual deadly strife between the rival Churches, it seemed almost impossible at one time that any governmental system of instruction could be introduced at all. Bold men, however, tried their hands at it, and the result, after twenty years' experience, is regarded by many persons as being upon the whole satisfactory. It is well known, however, that, in order to induce the Roman Catholic clergy to give their adhesion to any system of national education, great concessions were made to that body, which naturally offended the religious feelings of the Protestants, and from time to time called forth strong animadversions upon the proceedings of the Government commissioners. Great hostility to the National system still exists among the Irish Protestant clergy, the grounds of which are ably set forth in the following pamphlet:—*Can the Irish Clergy join in the National System of Education as it is?* A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Castleblayney, on Advent Sunday 1855. By the Rev. W. R. BAILEY, A.M. (Dublin: Curry and Co.)—Mr. Bailey has many complaints to urge against the National system. "The main feature," he says, "in this new system is that secular instruction may be had without any instruction whatever in Holy Scripture. This mere secular instruction is, it is true, pompously termed 'moral and literary'; but we cannot give the name of 'moral' to any teaching that excludes the only sure guide in morality—the Holy Scriptures; nor that of 'literary' to that which excludes the noblest of all literature, His word, 'the entrance of which giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.' There is, nevertheless, this provision made for the communication of religious instruction—namely, that the Protestant clergyman may enter the school at a fixed hour, and instruct the children, whose parents do not object, in the Scriptures and formularies of the Church. Equal facility is given to the priest of the Church of Rome to enter the school at an hour specified, and, separating those children whose parents profess themselves members of the Church of Rome, to teach them those dogmas which we can prove to be contrary to Scripture, subversive of morality, and a caricature of the Gospel of Christ." Against this regulation Mr. Bailey contends that every Protestant clergyman is bound, by his ordination vow to protest. Otherwise he is placed in this predicament: "Here is a Roman Catholic, who has personally no objection to read the Holy Scriptures (no unusual case); he desires that his child should be taught to read them; the priest forbids either parent or child to enjoy this privilege: the question may arise in the mind of the parent whether the priest be right in this prohibition; he looks eagerly to see whether the Protestant minister concurs with the priest; the Protestant minister is the patron of a National school, and in it the minister is found acquiescing in the prohibition of the priest, and tacitly approving of such unhallowed tyranny over the consciences of the Romanists, to whom at other times he declares he has a commission from God! Will not both Protestants and Romanists be struck by such an inconsistency?" Again, he says, that whereas every sincere Protestant must wish his child to have daily instruction in the Scriptures, there are upwards of 3000 schools in Ireland "patronised exclusively by Romanists; but the Popish priest will not permit a Bible within the school. Here, then, much more than half of the entire number of schools supported by the State in Ireland are conducted upon a principle most offensive to the Protestants of the country." A still more important objection is the support given to schools in connection with monastic bodies. Of these there are more than a hundred, to which large salaries are given, "in some instances more than a hundred pounds a year. In a word, through the hands of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, upwards of 43000£ annually is paid towards the support of monastic institutions! But are the rules of the Board observed in these schools? We have it out of their own mouths, uttered by a late eminent organ of the papal party, that they glory in breaking the Board's regulations. In one of these a head inspector of the Board complains that religious instruction (meaning by this, instruction in the catechism of the Church of Rome) was given without notice, and at times not specified in the time-table; that the worship of the Virgin was perpetrated whenever the clock struck the hour; that this was done in the presence of Protestant children, who had thereby been taught Popish prayers; that Popish catechisms were scattered about on the desk during the time of combined secular instruction; and, in fact, every evidence was afforded that little was taught in the school but Popery, and that at all hours." For the reasons alleged, as well as many others which we have not space to mention here, Mr. Bailey contends that the Irish clergy cannot conscientiously give their support to the Government system of education. His pamphlet upon the subject, although we do not quite go with him in his conclusions, is entitled to

grave consideration; and we should be glad to find such alterations made in the national system as would render it more acceptable to the Protestant clergy, without trenching upon the religious freedom of the Roman Catholics.

Before dismissing the subject of education, we are happy to notice the existence of a "Young Men's Christian Association," in Dublin, carried on under the distinguished patronage of Archbishop Whately, and other members of the Irish Church. There are now lying before us four lectures, delivered before this association, entitled respectively, *The Jews: a lecture*, by the Rev. CHARLES M. FLEURY; *The Wisdom of God in the Salvation of Man: a lecture*, by the Rev. JOHN G. MANLY; *Missionary Work; who is to do it?* a lecture, by the Rev. W. PAKENHAM WALSH; and *Bacon's Essays: a lecture*, by RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. (Dublin: Oldham.)—These lectures speak well for the intellect of Young Ireland, since it is impossible that their authors would think of addressing the association in terms too hard for the young men's comprehension. They presuppose a goodly amount of knowledge, which we have no doubt exists, in the minds of the hearers. Archbishop Whately's lecture, especially, might well have been delivered in the Royal Institution, London, as before the Young Men's Christian Association, Dublin. It is the best commentary ever published upon that great work of our greatest philosopher, and will, we doubt not, be as eagerly read on this side of the Channel, as it was attentively listened to by the Archbishop's audience in Dublin.

*Discourses*, by the late Rev. JOHN SYM, Minister of Free Greyfriars, Edinburgh. *With Memoir*, by the Rev. GEORGE CRAIG. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.)—The late Rev. Mr. Sym occupied a distinguished place among the ministers of the Free Kirk of Scotland. He was an able preacher, and energetic promoter of what is called the "Home Mission," in Edinburgh. Originally ordained a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, he threw in his lot with Dr. Chalmers and others, when the disruption took place which led to the forming of the Free Kirk, with whose proceedings he at once became identified. He died at the early age of forty-six, leaving behind him a reputation for Christian usefulness such as few can boast of. His discourses here printed, twenty in number, deserve to take rank among the best specimens of Scottish pulpit eloquence.

*Moral Theology of the Church of Rome. No. III. S. Alfonso de Liguori's Theory of Theft.* An article reprinted from the *Christian Remembrancer*, of October, 1854. (London: J. and C. Mozley.)—The works of the Roman Casuists, as was long ago shown by Pascal, have indirectly done more towards the subversion of morality, and consequently of Christianity, than the most strenuous efforts of professed infidels. St. Alfonso de Liguori, one of the most recent, as he is also one of the most renowned of this band of Casuistical Doctors, is as guilty in this respect as any of his predecessors. In a former number of the *Christian Remembrancer* his theory of truthfulness was ably exposed, and shown to be rather a theory of equivocation. In the present article he is attacked with respect to his "theory of theft." The writer very properly objects in *limine* to the Saint's definition of theft, which is as follows:—"What is theft? It is the secret and unjust taking away of a thing belonging to another, when the owner is reasonably unwilling." "This is an awkward beginning," says the reviewer. "Who is to be the judge, whether the owner is reasonable or unreasonable in wishing to keep his goods himself? If he is likely to have a prejudice on the side of possession, the thief is at least as likely to have a prejudice on the side of abstraction. We suppose that it will be necessary to call in the director to settle the point between them. Having got our definition of theft, we may see what acts of taking other people's goods are not thieving, which enlightened consciences might conceive to be such. Five kinds of such acts are at once enumerated." The writer goes on to examine each of these acts, proving the Saint's teaching to be utterly subversive of the Sixth Commandment; and concludes by drawing a contrast between it and the teaching of the Church of England, as simply set forth in Bishop Nicholson's exposition of the Catechism.

*Dates in Daniel and the Revelation.* By E. T. AYTON, Esq. (London: Houlston and Stoneman.)—*The Political History of the World as predicted in the Prophecy of Daniel.* (Printed for the author, Edinburgh.)—*The Signs of the Coming of Jesus Christ as King of Kings; also the Year-day Theory; the Pope of Rome; and the fourth Kingdom of Daniel, or the Beast;* considered by a LAYMAN. (London: Houlston and Stoneman.)—These three publications belong to a class of which we have had occasion lately to notice only too many specimens. We shall therefore content ourselves with merely specifying their titles.

*The True Theory of a Church; or, the right principle of Christian Confederation elicited and developed.* By the Rev. THOMAS G. HORTON, Minister of Tonbridge Chapel, New-road. Third edition. (London: Judd and Glass.)—The fact of this publication having reached a third edition in little more than a year is in itself no slight evidence of the estimation in which the author is held by the large body of Christians to which he belongs. It is the object of the writer to set forth and defend the principle of Independency in

Church government. With respect to his performance, let us hear what the writer himself says in his preface. "I am aware," he observes, "that my doctrine of the Church is substantially an old one. It is also widely prevalent in our day. It has been already fully expounded and learnedly maintained by many eminent authors. Yet their books have generally been too large and too argumentative for popular use. The student has purchased and read them; others have been deterred from doing so both by their size and their style. It seemed to me that a short, simple, unpretending, and popular presentation of independent principles might, after all, do good service to a good cause. I have endeavoured, therefore, to lay this matter before the general reader in a form as little repulsive as possible, and hope to have thrown over my pages at least the freshness of an argument wrought out for one's self."

Mr. Horton is also the editor of *The Congregational Pulpit: supplying Sermons from the Manuscripts of Dissenting Divines.* (London: Judd and Glass.)—A monthly publication, very neatly printed; each number containing two sermons, communicated by the writers themselves, with short reviews of books, and published at the low price of three-pence.

*Dr. Lushington's Judgment in the case of Westerton v. Liddell upon "Ornaments of the Church."* Considered by a Parish Priest, who has not in use the articles complained of. (London: Masters.)—In a brief advertisement the writer sufficiently explains the nature of the present publication. "The author's mind," he says, "in respect of the ornaments in question is this. If they can be proved by substantial and sufficient evidence, not because abstractedly wrong, but for secondary reasons of expediency, to have been forbidden, let them be discontinued. They do not vitally affect the Church. Disuse of a symbol in Christian worship is very different from denial of an article of the Catholic faith. If our devotions be real, we can endure to celebrate them even within bare walls. The arguments, however, already adduced in favour of their prohibition in the judgment of Dr. Lushington, so far from being satisfactory, have convinced the author, as doubtless they have others, of the lawfulness of their use."

*The Scriptural Doctrine of the Influence of the Holy Ghost as illustrated by the Analogy of Nature. The Burney Prize Essay for the year 1853.* By the Rev. THOMAS WADE POWELL, B.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1856.—It seems scarcely necessary to do more than indicate the publication of this valuable addition to theological literature. Mr. Powell's argument is based upon an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures as well as of the truths of natural science. It will convince the sceptic, strengthen the waverer, and console the believing Christian.

*Dialogues on Universal Restitution.* (London: Freeman.)—The object of this work is to set forth the author's reasons for believing "that there will be in the life to come a very great distinction between those who have in this life repented and believed, and those who have not; that still the restitution of all things spoken of by St. Peter means literally the restitution of all things; and that so, all the men and women who have been in this world, without any exception, not even of those who have been murderers, robbers and idolaters, will one day be restored by the favour and presence of God." This is a startling announcement; but we feel bound to state that the author, however heterodox in his notions, has treated the subject in a spirit of becoming reverence.

We conclude by recommending to our readers' notice a brief tract entitled *Thoughts on Churches and Churchyards.* By the Rev. HENRY T. HILL, A.M., Vicar of Felton. (London: Bell and Daldy.)—Mr. Hill has given much attention to the subject of church architecture, and suggests various practical methods of restoring our old ecclesiastical edifices, either in whole or in part, and often at a trifling cost. Country clergymen, and churchwardens especially, may derive much profit from his remarks.

## MEDICINE.

## OUR SMALLER LIBRARY OF NEW MEDICAL BOOKS.

*La petite littérature*, as the French journalists style their *brochures*, *monographies*, *feuilletons*, and minor essays, is wonderfully on the increase in this country in the department of medicine, irrespective of the numerous weekly and monthly journals devoted exclusively to that branch, in which we find not facts alone recorded, but very many professed dissertations, albeit of a few pages only, on some of the most recondite and important questions in medical science. We may now reckon by dozens the pamphlets and other minor publications which legitimate practitioners give to the world on almost every point of the healing art. Indeed, we doubt much whether many others of a higher class have made their appearance in England within the last twelve months. Of sixty-five new works and new editions issued from the stores of that most enterprising and successful publisher, Mr. Churchill,

between January and December 1855—as set forth in his “Medical Intelligencer”—near one-half, or thirty-one, are works sold at five shillings and under. *Ex his disce*—no bad criterion of their numbers, size, and perhaps worth, although we admit that half a dozen pages are sometimes worth five hundred.

We will leave our readers to determine from what we are about to tell them of the few publications that follow, and which have been crowding our table all at once, in which category they should be classed, “the select” or the *hoi polloi*; or whether their appearance be not due to the desire to push the author’s name into notice as an *incipitus* candidate for public favour.

*Hints to Husbands.* By ONE OF THE GUILD. A Revelation. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1855.)—We can only pass lightly over such a tiny duodecimo, with a Holywell-street title, and yet iced with a good intention. It brings forcibly before our imagination that redoubtable and eccentric knight the late Sir Antony Carlisle, the most invertebrate antagonist English men-midwives ever had to encounter. But Sir Antony, in his public declamations and writings against male midwives, observed a certain degree of decorum. He did not, like the present author, take his readers, still less the husband, by the hand into the *gynæcum*, and there, pointing to the occupation of the medical attendant, whisper into their ears the indecency of the proceedings, and give broad unvarnished *hints*, drawn largely from the most popular obstetrical works, on the impropriety of suffering any longer such practices to subsist. Hence the *title* of his book, which, we fear, will catch not a few, disappoint many, and disgust all, on account of its broad-drawn pictures.

Still, as we before remarked, we consider the intention of the writer an honest one, and the high sensitiveness of his feelings entitled to respect. But we will tell him how much more likely he would be of succeeding in his desire to abolish male, and substitute once more female, attendants in the parturient chambers. Let him join the noblemen and gentlemen of the Nightingale Fund, contribute largely to its capital, and insist on a branch of that prospective institution, which is to teach ordinary sick nurses the execution of their duties, being devoted exclusively to the well-grounded instruction of discreet and decently bred females in the art of midwifery, as well as in nursing puerperal patients; as has been the case in France for the last half-century. Then, and not till then, he may hope to bring about the accomplishment of his wishes.

*Obscure Nervous Diseases popularly explained. The experience of years condensed in a few pages, &c.* By J. L. LEVISON. (London: Effingham Wilson. 1856.)—Here is a still tinier and even more coquettishly bound duodecimo, professing to treat of something which, “with all existing knowledge (says the author) is often hid in obscurity,” so as to render it difficult to decide what is the exact source of irritation, whereby “many have to endure the most excruciating agony without obtaining either mitigation or relief.” The author, whose name does not appear in the regular *Medical Directory*, tells the story of his own pursuit quite plain enough, in a series of six letters, supposed to have been addressed to a physician; and the dedication of which, we rather marvel, Dr. John Conolly had accepted. In the centre of the last page we have the announcement, that “Mr. J. L. Levison, 19, Dorset-place, Dorset-square, may be consulted daily from ten till five, in all nervous affections.” The author, in fact, is an ambitious dental surgeon, who has diagnosed many obscure cases of painful disease by hitting on the right cause, and with a punch or a forceps knocking it on the head. Here is a specimen of the severest form of tie, which had reduced the patient, through many years of suffering, to be “the wreck of a fine man with an expressive face and that natural energy of mind which is manifested by a nervo-bilious temperament.”

#### SPEEDY RECOVERY FROM TIC DOLOUREUX.

After some common-place observations, combined with many encouraging remarks, I examined his head and spine (!) which were well formed, and then made a careful survey of his mouth. The teeth were well arranged, and apparently sound. Those in the upper jaws rather pressed too closely against the glenoid cavities, the *dens sapientia* being forced out of its curve; and a more minute examination rendered it evident that the socket of the latter tooth was greatly enlarged. I therefore tried it with an instrument, as it seemed probable that the source of his suffering originated in that locality. All doubt was

removed by this experiment; for my patient jumped up and yelled out, “O what agony, what excruciating agony!” He paced the room like a wild man, every now and then stamping his foot, and holding his hand to the affected side of his face, repeating the ejaculation, “Oh! what agony.” Not being certain what he intended to do, I followed him, and expressed my conviction that all his previous suffering had been caused by that one tooth, which had so seriously affected him. A gleam of hope gave a less painful expression to his features, and he passively permitted himself to be led back to a chair, and soon the offender was forcibly wrested from the place of its concealment, where it had occasioned so much misery. There was at the extremity of the fang the largest polyposous excrescence I had ever seen, whilst the thin watery discharge was particularly offensive. He turned to me with a most affable smile, declaring that his head and face were comparatively easy, more so than they had been for years. He soon lost all pain in the socket, and in less than a month he had recovered his former health.

*The Physiology of Fascination, &c.* By JAMES BRAID, M.R.C.S., Edin. Manchester: Grant and Co. 1855. *Observations on the Nature and Treatment of certain forms of Paralysis.* By JAMES BRAID, M.R.C.S., Edin. London: T. Richards. 1855.—We group together these two slender pamphlets of Mr. Braid’s,—whose electro-biological articles filled, at one time, most of the medical journals, and gave rise to no trifling contentions and sparring—because there is but a small matter that can be said of either. The subject of both refers to certain peculiar views and notions entertained by the writer on the functions of the nervous system. The first was an essay, intended (we are told) for the section D of the Glasgow meeting of the British Association held last autumn, but was not read. The second was similarly intended to be read before another society, the Provincial Association at York, but was not read—though published afterwards in the journal of that society, “by request.”

The author, wishing to give greater publicity to his lucubrations, has determined on sending them out in the present independent form, and we are happy in thus assisting him in securing that publicity.

Mr. Braid, however, rests his reputation on a more consequential work, published twelve years ago, on Hypnotism; since which time the bias of his mind, and, we are told, of his practice, has been, that the effects, soothing, curative, miraculous or otherwise, of magnetic passes and magnetic manipulation, are not due to the action of a particular fluid, but to the effects of the “staring process,” such as the serpent exercises over its winged victim, when “by the more fixed gaze of its glaring eyes, or fascination, it irresistibly draws down from their proud aerial perch the very fowls of heaven to fall an easy prey to their fell destroyer.”

We confess to have read with almost incredulity, the quasi-miraculous cures performed by the author on the lame and the blind by means of the “staring process.”

*The Destructive Art of Healing, &c.* By SAMUEL DICKSON, M.D. Fourth edition, enlarged. (London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1856.)—We will at once guard ourselves against the possible imputation that, by placing the present immediately after the two previous publications, we entertained the slightest intention of confounding even such an enthusiast yet regular practitioner as the preceding author, with the one whose double-columned pamphlet we here announce. It is a mere chance arrangement; and while we can look with respect even upon the hypnotic aberrations of a Braid, we should deem ourselves unworthy of a station in the hierarchy of medical men, were we to countenance the absurdities of a Dickson—so discreditable to the profession, and most fatal to the public. We aver, without fear of contradiction, that the larger number of deaths from apoplexy, inflammation, and congestion, out of the admitted increasing number of such deaths (see “Registrar-General’s Weekly Report,” No. 6) have been due to the publication of the “Fallacies of the Faculty,” of which the present publication is proclaimed to be a sequel. The pertinacity of the propagandist of “no blood-letting” has succeeded for a time in frightening people against cupping and leeches, because, forsooth, at some far distant period there were Sangrados in England not less than in Spain. Now not a single drop of the precious vital fluid must be spilt! To do so is to stab the patient! And, with some such balderdash prevailing in both publications—the original and its sequel—this new chronothermal Light from the East and from Chelten-

ham pretends to divest every high and respectable and honoured name in the profession of its merited influence and reputation.

*Journal of Public Health and Sanitary Review.* Edited by B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D. Office of the Journal, 37, Great Queen-street.—It is really refreshing to be able to turn from the lengthened diatribe on the medical profession to the sober, sound, and useful pages of this most excellent periodical. It is dignified, well and ably sustained, highly creditable to the enterprising physician who, in the interest of medical science, not only assumes the labouring oar at, but undertakes the whole responsibility of, a publication which he can never expect to repay him for his labour, even should it reimburse him for his expenses. We regret not to have seen the three preceding numbers; but if they equal in the importance of their contents the present number, they are entitled to share in the commendation which the latter fully deserves. This number is divided into six sections. Editorial notes form the *first*. In the *second* are arranged six original communications, all of which, by-the-by, in the present number, are either valuable or interesting. *Reviews* constitute the *third* section; while the progress of epidemics, sanitary and social science, and hygienic jurisprudence form, the *fourth*, *fifth*, and *sixth* section. There is, besides, at the end, a record of the transactions of a society instituted for the purpose of studying and enlightening the public on the subject of epidemics.

Altogether, as we have already remarked, this is a very superior periodical, deserving the encouragement of every real well-wisher to the profession. It is, moreover, printed and got up in a very superior style.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Journal of a Tour in Unsettled Parts of North America in 1796 and 1797.* By the late FRANCIS BAILY, F.R.S. London: Baily Brothers.

*Cuzco: a Journey to the Ancient Capital of Peru and Lima: a Visit to the Capital and Provinces of Modern Peru.* By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman and Hall.

*Here and There in Portugal.* By HUGH OWEN. London: Bell and Daldy.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN is responsible for the publication of Mr. Baily’s notes of a tour undertaken when he was only twenty-five years of age, so long ago as the year 1796. The manuscript remained locked up in his drawer during his long and useful life. Found there by his friends, it has been deemed to have sufficient interest even now to justify its publication, and accordingly it is given to the world by another learned professor, who has prefaced it with a memoir of the author, which was drawn up at the request of the Council of the Royal Astronomical Society, and read at a Special General Meeting in Nov. 1844.

Francis Baily was born at Newbury in 1774, of respectable parents, his father having been a banker in that town. There he had his education, and at the age of fourteen was placed in a house of business in the city, where he remained until the age of twenty-two, when he felt the usual desire of an inquiring mind to visit foreign scenes; and, accordingly, he embarked for America in October 1798. In that then very new country he remained for two years, inspecting all that was accessible, with personal adventures, difficulties, and even dangers, entirely unknown to our generation of tourists by steam and rail. This is the journey recorded in the volume before us. For the rest, suffice it to say that, returning to England, he commenced business as a stockbroker in partnership with Mr. Whitmore, zealously cultivating science in the intervals of business, and publishing a series of books which speedily made his name famous and established for him a lasting reputation.

The peculiar interest of these travels arises from their antiquity—for they treat of what are now the antiquities of the United States. Very curious, indeed, is the contrast between the country as it then was and as it now is; and nothing we have ever read produces such a vivid conception of the marvellous growth of our grand offspring than the picture here given of the aspect of things as they presented themselves to the eyes of an intelligent traveller only sixty years ago. The narrative is in the form of a diary: it contains his daily experiences as they

occurred; and they are so lively and interesting that we are surprised they were not sent to the press when he returned, and his information was fresh, instead of being suffered to slumber for half a century. But better late than never, as the reader will admit when he has perused the few specimens which our space will permit us to cull from pages which abound in equally pleasant reading.

#### THE FIRST DISCOVERER OF KENTUCKY.

Sunday, April 9th,—we started by daylight. We had observed a canoe ahead of us the preceding day, and for the sake of company wished we could have overtaken it; but as the person who was in it did not seem disposed to stop for us, we soon lost sight of him, as he proceeded along much faster than we. However, this morning we observed the same vessel behind us, and in a short time it came alongside. It contained but one old man, accompanied by his dog and his gun, and a few things lying at the bottom of the canoe. We called to him to come into our boat, which he accordingly did; and after a little conversation, our guest proved to be old Colonel Boone, the first discoverer of the now flourishing state of Kentucky. I was extremely happy in having an opportunity of conversing with the hero of so many adventures, a relation of which is drawn up and published in Imlay's Geography. Happening to have this account by me, I read it over to him, and he confirmed all that was there related of him. I could observe the old man's face brighten up at the mention of any of those transactions in which he had taken so active a part; and upon my advertizing particularly to his adventure in August, 1778, with the Indians at Boonsborough (a considerable town, so called from the remarkableness of the transaction, and the fame of its founder), where they, with most bare-faced deceit, endeavoured to take him and his men prisoners, he entered upon the subject with all the minuteness imaginable, and as descriptively as if it had recently happened. He then made us follow him in his narration,—how he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and carried a tour round the lakes with them; and the old man interspersed his tale with many a pleasing anecdote and interesting observation. He took (in truly an Indian style) a drop of water, and on a board he marked out the whole course of his travels; and, though I showed him a map, he continued on, after barely looking at it, and would not be diverted from the one which he had formed with his own finger. Upon asking him whether it did not give him a secret satisfaction to behold a province (in the discovery and settlement of which he held so conspicuous part) rise from a desert wilderness, and at once to flourish in arts and sciences and the conveniences of life, in all the maturity of old age, he shook his head, and, with a significant frown, said they were got too proud; and then began to enter into the disadvantages of great improvements of society. I easily conceived his meaning, and soon found that he was one of that class of men who, from nature and habit, was nearly allied in disposition and manners to an Indian, and may be ranked under those who form the first class of settlers in a country. He said he had a great deal of land given him on the first settlement of the country; but that when society began to form around him, he moved off, and divided his lands among his relations, unwilling (as he expressed himself) to live among men who were shackled in their habits, and would not enjoy uncontrolled the free blessings which nature had bestowed upon them. Since this time, he told me he had spent his time a great deal on the frontiers; and at this present moment he said he was going to hunt for beavers in some unfrequented corner of the woods, where undisturbed he might pursue this amusement, and enjoy the pleasures arising from a secluded and solitary life. He said that last night when we missed him he had put ashore in a little creek, on account of the weather, and that after taking some refreshment, he threw his blanket round him, and, lying down in his canoe, fell asleep. I was much pleased with the old man's conversation, as he appeared to be one who had seen a great deal of the world, though in its most uncultivated state; nevertheless, being a man of strong natural parts, his observations on the different objects which had passed before him rendered the half-hour he stopped with us very interesting and amusing.

#### NEW ORLEANS FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

Their houses are generally built of wood, and boarded very plain in the inside, and made very open, that there may be a free circulation of air; consequently they avoid all the inconvenience and expense of paper, carpets, fires, curtains, and hangings of different kinds. The bedrooms are fitted up in the same plain style, and are furnished with nothing but a *hard-stuffed* bed, raised very much in the *middle*, and covered with a clean, white sheet; and over the whole there is a large gauze net (called a *bear*), which is intended as a defence against the mosquitos, and serves tolerably well to keep off those tormenting creatures. On this sheet (spread upon the bed, and *under* the net) you lie down without any other covering, and (if it be summer-time) with the doors and windows open, so intolerable is the heat of the climate. During several days when I was here, the

thermometer was at 117° in the shade. The dress of the inhabitants is also correspondent to the furniture of their houses: being clothed in the lightest manner possible, and every one in the manner which pleases him best, there is not (in these new countries) that strange propensity to ridicule every one who deviates from the forms which a more established society may have prescribed to itself; but every one, in this respect, "doeth that which is right in his own eyes." Some will wear the short linen jacket of the Americans; others, the long flowing gown, or the cloak of the Spaniards: some, the open trousers and naked collar; others, the more modern dress, of tight pantaloons and large cravats: some, with the white or black chip hat; others, with the beaver and feathers, after the manner of the Spaniards: and so in respect to all other minutiae of dress. . . . There is but one printing-press in this place, and that is made use of by the Government only. The Spanish Government is too jealous to suffer the inhabitants to have the free exercise of it; for, however strange it may appear, yet it is absolutely true that you cannot even stick a paper against the wall (either to recover anything lost, or to advertise anything for sale) without its first having the signature of the governor or his secretary attached to it: and on all those little bills which are stuck up at the corners of the streets you see the word "Permitted" written by the governor or his agent. . . . As to the diversions of the place, they consist principally in billiards, of which there are several tables in the town. This practice I presume they have adopted from the Americans, who (in the southern part of that continent) follow this amusement very much. They have a playhouse, which is rather small. It consists of one row of boxes only, with an amphitheatre in the middle, which is raised above the pit, and over the whole there is a gallery. The plays are performed in French, and they have a tolerable set of actors. The inhabitants are also musical, but this lies chiefly among the French. The gentlemen of the place often perform in the orchestra at the theatre: in fact, there is no other music there but such as they obtain in this voluntary way. . . . New Orleans may contain about a thousand houses. It is one hundred miles from the sea *down the Mississippi*; but across the country by *land* it is not more than seven leagues. Owing to the rapidity of the current, vessels are a long while in coming up here. There is a fort, called Balize, at the mouth of the river; but I am informed that it furnishes no defence to it. The tide ascends but very little way up the channel of the Mississippi, owing to the rapidity of its current. The banks of this river are well settled for a few miles below the city; but after that there are no plantations of any consequence.

Mr. Markham visited Cuzco purposely to explore the antiquities of the country which had been the actual scene of the deeds of the Incas. He arrived at Aspinwall on the 2nd Oct. 1852, and thence made his way to the city of Panama. Having rested here for a short time, he hastened to the region to which his longing dreams had been directed for years. He describes the journey to Cuzco by the coast, and the aspect of the Sierra. Here he found himself in the very thick of the relics he was seeking; and from a minute inspection of them and of their sites, he deduces conclusions which he submits to the learned world, arranging his remarks in chapters, each devoted to a distinct branch of the subject, as, The Incas, their language and literature; the past and present condition of the Inca Indians; and the Montana of Peru. Returning by way of Lima, he devotes three chapters to its viceroys, the Peruvian republic, and the modern literature and state of society in Peru. This work is of more substantial value than the majority of the "Travels" that are put into type, for its pages are not occupied with the mere cursory observations of a hasty tourist, but they contain the results of careful investigation by a man of learning, who went, after previous preparation, with a full mind to the accomplishment of a task in the performance of which neither time nor toil was begrimed. He has added to the value of his work by the introduction of numerous lithographed sketches of natural objects and antiquities, drawn by a hand that wields the pencil as well as the pen.

A melancholy story is that of

#### THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

At the present day, the only surviving descendants by a lineal male line which I have been able to trace out with accuracy, are Don Clemente Tisoc and his son, who reside at the little town of San Gerónimo, near Cuzco. Don Clemente is said to be an expert botanist. One other member of the family of the Incas, who died only a few years since, is deserving of notice. This is Dr. Don Justo Sahuaraura Inca, who was descended both from Huayna Capac and from Pachacutec, and was born at Cuzco at the end of the last century. After receiving a good education, he entered into holy orders; and, having performed the duties of a parish priest in several villages,

and also those of a deputy to the Peruvian Congress of 1825, became Archdeacon of Cuzco in 1838. A few years before his death, the old Inca published a genealogical work, with portraits of the Incas, called "La Monarquía Peruana," in which, I believe, he was assisted by General Santa Cruz. The work first appeared in Paris in 1850. Old Don Justo Inca left two nieces, who reside in a house surrounded by alder-trees, near the banks of the river Huatanay, and on the site of the gardens of the Temple of the Sun. His nephew, Don Luis Ramos Titu Atauchi, is, I believe, a lawyer in Cuzco. Such is a brief account of the surviving members of the family of the Incas. Once mighty monarchs, ruling over a vast empire, whose glory seemed imperishable, the celestial race, by a sad reverse of fortune, were cast from their high position, and, in a few short years, beaten to the earth by cruel conquerors; and now their very name, though still honoured and beloved by the poor Indians, is well-nigh extinct, and survives only in two or three male descendants.

#### THE LADIES OF AYACUCHO.

The evening assemblies of the wife and beauty of Ayacucho, at the house of the prefect, are most agreeable. The young ladies of this sierra town are remarkable for their beauty, intelligence, and kindness of disposition; and their names will ever find a place in the memory of the traveller who has enjoyed the privilege of their society. Dona Micaela, the youngest sister of the prefect, is the widow of the gallant General Zubia, to whom she was married when only thirteen. In 1842, he was sent with a detachment to the valley of Xauxa, where he encountered the troops of the usurper, Torico, under Colonel Lopera, at a place called Inca-huasi, and was mortally wounded. On receiving the sad intelligence, his devoted young wife mounted a mule, and, heedless of the perils and dangers of the road, arrived in time to receive his last words, and he expired in her arms. Dona Micaela is very religious, and devoted to the instruction of the Indian servants, and to strict and frequent attendance at sermons and confession. The former, indeed, were sufficiently attractive, owing to the eloquence of Dr. Taforo, a learned Chilian missionary, who preached in the cathedral nearly every evening, and roused the good people of Ayacucho to a feeling of admiration for the beauty of his language, and a deep sense of the error of their ways.

This is a relic of

#### CUZCO THE CITY OF THE INCAS.

In the little church of Santa Anna at Cuzco, there is a very curious series of pictures, contemporaneous with the conquest, illustrative of the procession of the Corpus Christi, which becomes very interesting as a record of the costumes of the Incas and Spaniards of the period. First march the four religious orders of Dominicans, Franciscans, Mercedarios, and Augustines, followed by the corps under a splendid canopy, attended by a large body of priests and an old cavalier in black, with the order of Santiago on his shoulder—probably the governor of the city. Then follow the elders of each parish, accompanied by a huge car, in which their patron saint is seated, and preceded by an Inca noble in full national costume. The concluding picture represents the return of the corps to the cathedral, with the whole Incar family as spectators, splendidly dressed, with lofty plumes of egrets' feathers on their heads. The houses in the background have rich carpets hanging from the upper windows to the ground; while the balconies are adorned with pictures of various saints; and at intervals in the streets there is a triumphal arch raised over an altar plated with silver. The proud bearing of the stately Spanish knights who had settled in Cuzco, and the costly dresses of the Incar princes, added not a little to the interest of these religious ceremonies.

Let us take one more passage:

#### THE SOCIETY OF LIMA.

Notwithstanding the wretched universities, the defective system of education, and the anarchy of the state, the cultivation of literature has made decided progress; and, in Peru especially, some works of considerable merit have recently appeared. The South American character, in losing much of the dignity and strict loyalty of the Spaniard, has obtained, through a mixture of Indian blood, which in Peru is almost universal, a vivacity of temper and a rapidity of thought which has gone far to compensate for the loss. The young men especially, educated at the University of San Marcos, the oldest in the New World, or the College of San Carlos at Lima, though spending much of their time in cafés and billiard-rooms, and devoted, it must be confessed, to cock-fighting and gambling, are extremely agreeable in conversation, and frequently well read. But, above all, the women of Lima form the most attractive part of Peruvian society. Frequently very beautiful, with brilliant black eyes, graceful figures, and bright intelligent expressions, they at the same time possess much natural cleverness, exquisite wit, and most pleasing manners. Until a few years ago, they wore, when walking abroad, a very becoming and elegant dress, now only seen at bull-fights, religious processions, and other great occasions—called the *saya y manto*. To a full satin skirt was attached a black silk mantle, which, passing over the head, was held

so as only to expose one brilliant eye to view, and leave the imagination of the beholder to fill up the enchanting picture. Since the introduction of steamboats and railroads, however, this truly national costume has given way to modern French fashions. But the ladies of Lima, though they have lost their characteristic dress, still retain their loxier qualities, and are infinitely superior to the men in natural talent and intelligence. With such society, a residence in Lima cannot fail to be otherwise than agreeable; and, besides the Italian Opera and pleasant dinner-parties, a grand ball and fêtes of various kinds yield frequent opportunities of observation. A ball on a large scale is a rare occurrence, and the late president, General Echenique, was particularly sparing in his entertainments. There is an occasional one given at the house of the late Marquis of Torre Tagle, one of the finest in Lima, now belonging to his heiress, who has married a lawyer named Sevillas. The entrance, through a fine doorway, with stone posts richly carved, and up a handsome staircase, leads to a broad corridor, with a finely-carved roof, supported by Moorish arches. The grand sala, a spacious room, with latticed balconies looking into the street, containing some very fine cabinets, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver, made a very good ballroom. On these occasions the festivities continue until four o'clock in the morning, when there is a hot supper. All the rooms in the house, including bedrooms, are thrown open, some for dancing, some for gambling, others for refreshments; and the guests wander through the long vistas of apartments, in the intervals of the dance. Balls and gambling are the chief occupations of the people of Lima; the latter especially, which is their besetting sin, and is prevalent even among the clergy. The young men but too often lead lives of indolence and frivolity, as is seen in their general want of application, and is exemplified in the scanty periodical literature of the country.

*Here and There in Portugal*, by Hugh Owen, is a lively and very graphic collection of sketches of men and things in Portugal, illustrated by woodcuts after photographs. Mr. Owen's description of this country and the people is by no means flattering; and we rise from the perusal of his volume wondering why, for the sake of this half-civilised people, and fertile but nevertheless very poor country, Englishmen should be condemned to drink a fiery liquor called port-wine, brandied for the market, and a manufactured liquor called sherry, only one degree less nauseous, to the exclusion of the genuine and wholesome wines of our new ally, France, and our old ally, Germany. Mr. Owen is a most agreeable companion: he is internally acquainted with the Peninsula; he has mingled freely with its inhabitants, and rambled over the country here and there, to and fro; and now, with rare skill in the narration, he tells us his experiences, of which we glean a few specimens—only remarking that, though the book is small in size and price, there is a great deal more, equally interesting, new, and pleasantly written.

#### A SCENE AT CINTRA.

After an examination of the miscalled Moorish well, which is a covered reservoir only, supplied by a spring of the purest water, I climbed to the highest point of the Moorish castle, and hastened to inspect the view beneath. For a few seconds I was breathless with astonishment. The height, about 900 feet, is nearly perpendicular, and immediately beneath, Cintra, with its orange-groved *Quintas*, and the Moorish palace, was spread like a map. I know of no spot, save the car of balloon, where a sight so singular, and yet so beautiful, could be obtained. There are a few animals and birds kept here. The rabbits, with long ears like parasols, would petrify a London fancier. I walked into a yard where some large foreign birds were confined: they are mostly of the Crane tribe, and one very tall and villainous-looking old brute kept walking round, with his one bright eye (for he was blind of the other) constantly and mischievously fixed on me. Presently, catching me for an instant off my guard, he gave me a dig in the ribs with a bill as long as my umbrella; and escaped amid a fiendish cackle before I could return the polite attention. The winter had been severe, for Portugal, and had destroyed the tender shoots of the long hedges of geranium, which several workmen were busily employed in trimming and pruning. It was a common rose-scented variety, and the odour of the bruised and trodden foliage, mingling with the perfume of the violets, floated in the air. Delicate ferns were thriving in moist situations, and the rocks were fringed with the feathery foliage of the hare's-foot fern (*Davallia carnarescens*), whose creeping rhizoma sought every crevice. Along the edges of shady spots, the careful hand of cultivation had planted the *Hydrangea kortsens*, with an artificial basin round the root of each, to catch the smallest amount of falling moisture; whilst spread by nature in luxuriant profusion, a low shrub, with flowers of the most intense blue, courted the eye of day in every exposed locality. It was the *Lithospermum fruticosum*, and an ingenious and clever friend of mine says it is as common as

illness and sin—no rarities anywhere, least of all here, where both are indigenous in every variety and form.

#### THE FISH-MARKET AT LISBON.

The fish-market of Lisbon is an amusing place for an early morning stroll. Its stalls display a variety of commodities, novel to an Englishman, who may there gratify his taste for ripe fruit or a parrot—fresh fish or a monkey, as the humour leads. The constant propinquity of these latter caricatures of humanity is no small annoyance, nor is the neatness of the natural black kid glove any excuse for the tiny hand it covers finding its way into your coat-pocket. It is not possible to avoid admiration of the fish-turbot, soles, whiting, John Dory, gurnard, shad, ling, conger-eel, golden mullet, the everlasting sardinha, with an occasional sturgeon of lordly presence, and fifty other varieties, novel to the stranger. Odd mollusca, too, crowd the stalls; *Triton variegatus*, *Pectunculus glycimeris*, *Cardium rusticum*, *Scalpellum vulgare*, several varieties of oyster, and *Pecten jacobeus*, so large as to suggest a single one as a tolerable meal. The Douro boasts, in addition, the fishy regicide—the lamprey—but His Imperial Lengthiness must be noticed elsewhere.

#### PORTUGUESE DANDIES.

"All is not gold that glitters," and when contemplating, with some pleasure, the broad chests of some of the Portuguese dandies, both civil and military, I little thought how much cotton wool and pink calico was included in my admiration, until informed of the use of an odd-shaped padding, hung at the shop-door near the Torre dos Clerigos; and which I had mentally endeavoured to fit on every part of the female figure, in vain: the *plastron* is worn without disguise, and exhibited for sale without fear of ridicule.

#### HOW MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN PORTUGAL.

The laws present some curious features in respect to parent and child. The females of Portuguese families are subjected to a seclusion, the rigour of which is with difficulty understood by a foreigner. If, however, a lover can produce evidence of his having entered into an engagement with a girl, no matter how young, he has the power to issue a process, under the authority of the proper tribunal, by which, on the simple proof that it is the girl's wish also, he may remove her from the residence of her parents, to be *impounded*—*Estar em deposito*,—until of proper age for marriage. The agents in forwarding such matters are usually elderly dames, of no occupation and little character; and so adroitly are these affairs sometimes managed, that the first intimation received by the parent is the judge's order to yield, perhaps, an only child, to the custody of strangers; in a similar position to a ward of chancery, alike away from the supposed vigilance of the law, and the real protection of a sorrowing parent, who, having no power to disinherit a disobedient child, has frequently the additional pang of feeling a conviction that such portion of his divided property as will fall to his child is likely to be wasted in riot, or dissipated by the careless improvidence of a worthless husband. That there is no law recognising *primogeniture* is, perhaps, one of the causes of the poverty of the country, as estates become subdivided to a ludicrous degree. An entail can be established, but it is an expensive process, requiring the sanction of the Government, and is not encouraged. I heard an anecdote illustrative of the effect of the laws concerning parent and child. A young man, with the assistance of one of the aged and respectable dames I have before named, procured from the daughter of a reputed wealthy *fidalgo* (with whom he had never exchanged a syllable) the necessary evidence of having contracted an engagement, and proceeded to compel the grieved and astonished parent to give up his child into the hands of the law, and renouncing all legal power over her, have her impounded with the members of a family with whom he could on no account hold intercourse. The lover, who had considerable interest, always a necessary ingredient in a Portuguese suit, obtained a decree in his own favour. The wretched father instantly appealed to the supreme court, and after a long and expensive litigation was enabled to expose the means employed to obtain his daughter's consent, and the decision was reversed. But, judge of his surprise and indignation, when, after a just and legal triumph, he found himself saddled with the costs of the entire suit; he had fought a shadow—for a cruel forebought, the lover had commenced and carried on the whole proceedings against the father in the name of his own daughter, so that in any case the result as to expenses would have been the same.

Morals are manifestly at a very low ebb in Portugal, if a judgment may be formed from the openness with which the expression of it is exhibited. Here is a curious specimen:—

One of the staple trades is the manufacture of *terra cotta* figures, amongst which, of course, are numberless images of the Virgin and the saints. They are made by pressing the fine clay into plaster moulds, and retouching the features and the finer portions with the modelling tool. After being slightly baked, they are finished in colour, and some of them, representing local costumes, are very beautiful and artistic; the constant use of the modelling tool, up to the last moment, keeping the features sharp and expressive in

the highest degree. The officers of the Society for the Suppression of Vice (did such exist in the country) would find abundant occasion for the exercise of their functions in these shops. I was once driven to a rapid and hasty retreat from one, owing to letting fall, in my surprise, a small figure, of beautiful workmanship, handed to me by a young and interesting-looking female. The bare possession of such a model would have been sufficient to forfeit the character of any man. I paid two *cruzados* (about four shillings and sixpence) in defence of my honesty, but with reluctance, as the price of such an accident. In truth, there are many matters to be seen common in Portugal calculated to surprise and shock even those accustomed to the laxity of manners of other continental nations. It is rather remarkable that so much of this should be found attached to either the religious ceremonies or religious edifices of the country. One or two instances will serve as illustrations. In the church at Leça do Balio, near to Oporto, there is a mural engraved brass at the right hand of one of the side altars, on which the Miraculous Conception is represented, and from the ludicrous way in which it is treated would be exceedingly laughable, did not the sacred nature of the place and the subject forbid such feelings. It is, however, a sad and repulsive mockery in its present situation. Unfortunately, these permanent evidences of blunted feeling are not confined to the absurd or ludicrous, for there is a carved figure beneath a cross, in the centre of Villa Real, that would challenge, by its disgusting details and frightful impiety, a similar want of reverence for things sacred, or such an outrage of positive decency, in that or in any other country. The Secretary of the Municipal Chamber of Oporto issued an advertisement, of which a part runs thus:—"It being necessary that the bones of all the bodies buried in unraised graves in the public cemetery called the *Prado de Repouso*, whether of adulterous persons or little angels, should be removed: the time requisite for the consumption of the bodies having elapsed," &c. &c. Such notices are neither singular nor uncommon.

We have not read so pleasant a book as this for a long time. It should be in every book-club.

#### FICTION.

##### THE NEW NOVELS.

*Our Own Story; or, the History of Magdalene and Basil St. Pierre*. By SELINA BUNBURY, Author of "Life in Sweden," &c. In 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Amberhill*. By J. BARROWCLIFFE. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

*Our Cousin Veronica, or, Scenes and Adventures over the Blue Ridge*. By M. E. WORMELEY. New York: Burne. London: Trübner.

We feel an instinctive aversion to sentimental writing, whether in poetry or prose, in tale or essay. It was not always so. We remember the time when we looked upon it as the soul and the substance of poetry; when we sympathised with it, shared it, and believed in it. We then accepted the expression of fine sentiments as the language of truth, and revered them accordingly. We had not then learned that sentiment and action are altogether different things; that there is no necessary connection between them; that they may and do very often exist entirely apart. Experience has effectively banished the illusion, and we have long ceased to be imposed upon by words, however eloquent. To this our office as a critic has not a little conducted; for it has been our frequent duty to read the noblest effusions—in sound—of men whom we have known to be personally very ignoble; to hear virtue preached by those who did not practise aught of their preaching; and, as a general rule, we have found that in precise proportion to the quantity of sentiment was the deficiency of action.

Miss Bunbury's novel is essentially sentimental. We discovered this before we had read 100 pages of it. Yet we did not, therefore, lay it down in disgust. There must be something good in a fiction which could tempt to its perusal in spite of the prejudice thus created by its style. The story, nevertheless, is extremely commonplace; the characters have appeared in fifty novels under other names. It is written with a strong bias to Puseyism, if not with an express purpose to diffuse it; yet did we read on to the end, and must confess that a sense of pleasure predominated over the cold critical judgment. To what charm was this due? We believe to the delicacy with which Miss Bunbury has done her work—the quiet, graceful, womanly feeling that pervades it, and which shows itself through the mere sentiment. Then it is a bustling tale: the story never drags; incidents crowd upon one another. The authoress does not indulge too

much in disquisition or in soliloquy, and her dialogues are lively and conversational. Basil is a lady's ideal of a parson—an angel in a white tie and long coat; but we must not anticipate. Enough to know that it is a novel which, with all its faults, will be enjoyed by all readers.

We cannot say as much for *Amberhill*. It is a wild and improbable tale, not at all sentimental, but extremely extravagant. It is a gallery of horrors, unrelieved by any calm. Everything in it is in excess. It is a delirious dream, not a sober narrative. It opens with the death of the heroine's father and mother by a thunderbolt: death revels throughout, and death ends it. The incidents are horrible; the vices intended to be depicted are hypocrisy and avarice, but these are so exaggerated as to be caricatures. The language is as wild as the personages and their adventures. The authoress has aimed at power, but has taken wrong means for its attainment, having fallen into the common error of mistaking big words for great thoughts. Undoubtedly, she has some capacity, especially for description; but she must tame herself before she will produce a fiction that will command itself to the good taste of the public.

Miss Wormeley's novel is another of the many suggested by the success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Its principal feature is the portraiture of slave life in America; but it is drawn with less partiality than usual, and by a hand that is evidently desirous to depict it truthfully. The composition is unusually good, the descriptions are extremely vivid, and the dialogues almost brilliant. *Our Cousin Veronica* is likely to be popular in England.

Miss Ferrar's admirable novel, *Marriage*, has been added to the "Parlour Library." Let all who have not read it, read it forthwith.

The author of *Fernfoot; or Heart Portraits* (Kennedy) affirms in his preface that the story is not only founded on fact, but that at least three-fourths of it is literally true. It is a tale of middle-class Scotch life, in which the characters are very distinctly portrayed; but the incidents are somewhat common-place.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Poetical Works of Johnson, Parnell, Gray, and Smollett; with Lives, Critical Dissertations, and Explanatory Notes.* By the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

THIS volume completes the last year's issue of Mr. Nichol's admirable edition of the British Poets. We again congratulate publisher and editor on the success of their labours. These have already obtained the warmest commendations of the press in all parts of the country, and we have no hesitation in saying that for beauty and clearness of type, for cheapness, correctness, and able editing, the edition has never been surpassed.

The volume now before us contains the works of four poets, who have little in common in their mental characteristics and tendencies, and two of whom are more distinguished as writers of prose than as writers of poetry. In "The Lives" Mr. Gilfillan does not profess to give anything new. He simply tells what others have already told, in his own clear, manly, and genial style. No biographer of Johnson can hope to equal Boswell; about Parnell all is known that most people care to know; Gray led the life of a scholar and a recluse, and his life is accordingly deficient in outward interest; and Smollett has embalmed the leading incidents of his own curious career in his inimitable fictions. The critical estimates in this, as in preceding volumes, are brief, but compact and conclusive, placing in a strong steady light the leading characteristics, the merits and defects of the various poets.

Johnson's life, as Carlyle has finely shown, was his best poem. It was a "Johnsoniad," full of epic grandeur and of epic strength. If the sternest discipline be necessary for the full development of a poet's mind, if he must be "cradled into poetry by wrong," by suffering, and by unwearyed wrestling with the world, then Samuel Johnson might have been a Dante among the sons of song. He was a much-enduring man. Bravely and long he battled against poverty and disease—one reality where most were shadows—one sincere believer when faith was dead—one earnest worker when life seemed to be a delusion and a show. But, while he possessed by nature some of the powers of a great poet, and underwent the severest spiritual discipline,

he lacked the high ardour of imagination, the clear, full vision, the freedom from prejudice, the delicacy and refinement, which are imperatively necessary to constitute the genuine bard. His poetry, accordingly, is not a melodious gush of inspiration, crested with the beautiful foambells of fancy. It is stern morality in metre—the righteous indignation of a manly mind condensed in couplets. It has vigour, but wants vivacity; it has force, but wants freedom; it has elaboration, but wants the polish and point of Pope. It has the form of poetry without the spirit, while "Rasselas" has the spirit without the form. It reminds us of an oak in winter, stripped bare of its leaves, deserted by its singing-birds, yet rear-ing aloft its sturdy trunk, and stretching abroad the strong arms of its knotted boughs. "London: a Satire" is a passionate protest against the vanity of city life, the disorganisation of society, the worship of wealth, the depression of worth, the elevation of worthlessness, and the annihilation of the principles of right and justice. It is "dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn." Deeply must the iron have entered into the soul that was so tossed with tempest, and not comforted. You see in it a manly mind at war with a degenerate age, when Mammon and Fashion were the god and goddess of popular idolatry—a truthful, earnest heart, rising in wrath against the anarchy of falsehood, insincerity, and unbelief. It is something higher than mere satire; something nobler than the Dunciads and Rosciads in which Pope and Churchill were wont to indulge. With the indignation of one who feels as if he had the honour of humanity and of his country committed to his trust, he scourges the senators who "lend a lie the confidence of truth"—the laureate tribe who flatter in vernal verse some pompous patron—and the fiery fops who confine their insults to the poor, but "shun the shining train and golden coach." There is no selfishness in such anger, though he had drunk of the bitter cup of poverty, and experienced the proud man's contumely; he stands up in the attitude of a patriot, and in the dignity of true manhood. Similar in spirit and aim is "The Vanity of Human Wishes," the most powerful, elaborate, and complete of Johnson's poems. He extends his vision beyond the limits of London, and surveys mankind from China to Peru. He perceives that men walk in a vain show; that the same shadowy wishes and futile hopes supply the universal motives for action and ambition. He then proceeds to describe with much power and wisdom the vanity of wealth, of fortune, of learning, of literary fame, of martial glory, of protracted life, and of beauty, and concludes by pointing out to hope and fear their proper objects, which are not seen and temporal, but unseen and eternal.

It is a strong sermon in rhyme upon the text, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," which John Forster might have written had he possessed the accomplishment of verse. It is full of masculine energy, and manifests the ardent sincerity of Johnson's heart. Many of the lines have frequently been employed to "point a moral or adorn a tale;" and the descriptions of Wolsey, the Swedish Charles, and of Charles Albert are excellent at once in conception and in elaborate execution. The last passage is full of power and truthfulness, and brings the whole of his moral reflections to a grand climax. You leave the poet standing and gazing earnestly up to heaven, with all the vanities of the world put under his feet. In two great characteristics this poem may be favourably contrasted with much of our modern poetry. It has a divine purpose, and is written throughout with equal clearness and strength. As it displays no great profundity, it is also free from commonplace. The poet sees with too much clearness to write obscurely; we do not behold "men as trees walking," but as they are and as they have been.

The other poems of Johnson need not detain us long. With the exception of the "Prologue spoken by Garrick at the Opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," and some other short pieces, they do not possess any great value. Poetry in the form of verse, as we have already hinted, was not the natural outcome of Johnson's mind; he was better adapted for striking out original and poetical thoughts in prose. As a poet he occupies a somewhat peculiar place, claiming kinship with Juvenal rather than with Dryden or Pope. From the schools of modern poetry he stands apart and aside, and might have lived a thousand years before the days of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson.

Parnell was a pimpernel poet. If he had lived in the present age he would probably have had little chance of obtaining a permanent place among British poets. Better pieces than his "Rise of Woman," his "Fairy Tale," or even than his "Hermit," have appeared in the columns of magazines and passed away into oblivion. He has no strength, no originality, no vivid imagination. He simply gives to commonplace the appearance of new truth by the gracefulness of his diction. His ambition was to shine, and his poetry was written to please. A few fine touches occur here and there, and, like grains of salt, preserve the entire mass from corruption. Johnson says of him: "The general character of Farnell is not great extent of comprehension, or fertility of mind. Of the little that appears, still less is his own. His praise must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction. In his verses there is more happiness than pains: he is sprightly without effort, and always delights, though he never ravishes: everything is proper, yet everything seems casual. If there is some appearance of elaboration in 'The Hermit,' the narrative, as it is less airy, is less pleasing. Of his other compositions it is impossible to say whether they are the productions of nature so excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art so refined as to resemble nature. This criticism refers only to the pieces published by Pope: of the large appendages which I find in the last edition, I can only say, that I know not whence they came, nor have ever inquired whether they are going." It is a hard case for a man when two or three lines are quoted from many lengthened pieces to prove that he is a true poet. This Mr. Gilfillan has generously done for poor Parnell—the protégé of Pope, the "Hail fellow, well met!" of Swift, the misanthrope and wine-bibber.

Thomas Gray was a poet of a higher stamp. Though he possessed little originality, little power and comprehensiveness of genius, yet he has obtained by universal consent a place among those sceptred kings of melody who rule our spirits from their urns. His life was an odour of a sweet swell, and his memory is blessed. He was, like Wordsworth, a poetical recluse. He heard the tumult of the world and was still. He loved more to commune with books or with his own heart than with living men. Poetry with him was not an overpowering passion: it did not possess him like an intenser spirit of life. It was the elegant and elaborate amusement of a richly-stored and fastidious mind. He was an accomplished artist rather than a poet; and the charm of his verse lies more in beauty of diction, in the choice of rich poetical expressions, than in depth of thought or strength of imagination. It exhibits the triumph of art, and in this respect has exerted a salutary influence over the poetry of the present day. Gray was as fastidious in the composition of his poems as he was in dress, in penmanship, in the arrangement of his books, and the adornment of his room. He wrote no line which, *living*, he would wish to blot. His thoughts were rounded and polished in his mind till they were smooth as pebbles from the brook. It is this perfection of art that has mainly preserved his "Odes" from oblivion. They have the "long-resounding march," but are destitute of "energy divine." The single lines from them, so often quoted to adorn a sermon or a tale, have the rich colouring, but not the vital spark of immortal song. We speak now of the "Bard" and the "Progress of Poesy." The ode "On a distant prospect of Eton College" is full of a philosophic pensiveness, which at once subdues and captivates the heart. "Gray," said Walpole, "was never a boy." He surely had not read this charming poem, in which the thoughtless buoyancy of boyhood is so finely contrasted with the gloom, the agonies, the passions, and the burdened soul of manhood. But there is one strain with which the memory of this poet is linked in hallowed union—a strain which cannot fade till death itself shall die. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" shall survive the extinction of epics and the destruction of innumerable dramas. Like those old Scottish melodies that embalm the very soul of pathos, it must for ever remain dear to all hearts that have felt the sanctity of sorrow. It has been over and over again assailed by captious criticism—it has been subjected to the most rigorous analysis; and yet the poem remains as if it were in itself an immortality, and could not be destroyed. Johnson, who tramped his way through the "Odes," crushing down the purple flowers that the poet reared with so much care

and skill, could not find it in his heart to say one harsh word against the Elegy. "Had Gray written often thus," he said, "it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." The poem appeals to common sympathies, and crystallises the feelings that find a home in every bosom. The time, the place, and the tender moralisings of the poet are blended into one beautiful and pathetic whole. The twilight of solemn thought mingles with the twilight of the outer world, and hallows the expressive silence of the burial-field where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." There are a simplicity and calmness in the language, a naturalness in the thought, and a long-lingered melody in the verse, all finely adapted to the theme. The lines are composed with the most fastidious delicacy, which only a false taste would seek to improve; and "many of the couplets seem carefully and consciously chiselled for immortality." Had Gray only rounded off this poem by a reference to the resurrection, by reanimating the "hearts once pregnant with celestial fire," and by describing the uprise of an innumerable company of angels from the hallowed ground where the shadows of evening so peacefully lay, he would have rendered it one of the finest elegies in the language of man. As it is, the genius of the poet has lent a new consecration to every churchyard, and supplied mottoes for the tombstones of the poor.

Tobias Smollett resembled Johnson in this respect, that he was greater in prose than in poetry. Thousands have laughed and brooded with intense interest over his fictions who never read a single line of his verse. He did not require to write in rhyme to prove himself a poet. Passages and descriptions abound in his prose works, which richly reveal the vividness of his imagination and the energy of his creative power. As a poet, the name of Smollett, like that of Gray, is bound up with one immortal strain. The "Ode to Independence" is full of fire and vigour. It has all the splendour of Gray's odes, without their smoke, and sounds loud, clear, and strong as a war-trumpet. That noble line

Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye—

one of the grandest in poetry—we have heard quoted as Shakspere's own. The two satires "Advice" and "Reproof" contain little that is characteristic, or of sterling merit. The "Tears of Scotland" contain some fine, though no striking lines; and the "Ode to Leven Water" is as shallow as it is smooth. "Independence" is the only strain of Smollett's that the world will not willingly let die.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ROBSON.

"Robson"—An article in *The Train* for March 1856. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. London: Groombridge.

The normal dullness of what is by courtesy termed "theatrical criticism" has been somewhat ruffled during the last few days by the appearance of an article about Robson, the little gentleman at the Olympic Theatre, who has agitated London these three years past, by the celebrity of his grotesque impersonations. Seeing that the magazine in which this article appears has only attained the third number of its existence, the sensation which it has produced is—in days when *prestige* is everything—the best possible testimony to its power. Dramatic criticism—at least, anything worthy of the name—is an institution so utterly extinct among us that we hail quite as a restoration the appearance of anything like vitality or independence in printed observations bearing upon matters theatrical. No one, we suppose, is weak enough to call the reporters who "do the theatres" for the daily papers, and who pen their crude notions upon works which may have cost months of labour during the small hours which intervene between the closing of the theatre and the last moment for taking in "copy" at the printing-office—no one calls *those* gentlemen critics. Calm and dispassionate criticism is scarcely compatible with the atmosphere of devilled kidneys, brown stout, and tobacco-smoke amid which their lucubrations are ordinarily composed. Besides which, some knowledge of the subject is a necessary ingredient in respectable criticism, and that is an accomplishment of which these gentlemen are for the most part altogether guiltless. Who has not heard of the profound scholar who reviewed Southerne's "Fatal Marriage" for a new play, which belongs,

as we all know, to the century before last? Have we not heard of another who spoke of the author of "George Barnwell" as "a Mr. Lillo, whose name we do not remember to have met with before"? With such facts as these before us, and knowing besides—what we know, what reverence can we be expected to entertain for the judgment of these worthy but ill-informed publicists? What alternative have we but to treat their *dicta* with anything but respect, and pity the public that is content to be nose-led by such unlearned pundits?

For the reasons indicated above, we have read this article upon "Robson" with a feeling very nearly akin to admiration; and it would have been admiration unadulterated had we not discerned in it some traces, not only of crude thinking, but of those very vices which its author has so powerfully and eloquently denounced in the public, in the actors, and in the critics. It appeared to us that Mr. Sala, while he condemns the narrow judgment of others, suffered his own to be warped by feelings altogether personal in their character. It seemed to us, furthermore, that while he deprecated the over-estimation in which other actors are held, he permitted his own enthusiastic impulses to run away with his judgment whenever he has attempted to eulogise the hero of his choice. The result is, in our opinion, that he puts forward a very erroneous estimate upon many matters referred to in the article; he misrepresents to some extent the actual condition of our stage as regards actors; and he over-estimates Mr. Robson in exact ratio as he grossly undervalues other actors. Therefore we have thought fit to offer a few observations upon this topic; and, without at all attempting to rival Mr. Sala in the caustic bitterness, fervid eloquence, and trenchant humour of his style, we shall make some attempt towards putting these matters upon a proper footing, and rehabilitating those artists whom, in his zealous Robson-worship, he has most unnecessarily attempted to degrade.

In the first place, we are met at the threshold of the argument by a long and curious dissertation upon the dearth of manly independence in the world. *Camaraderie* and its consequences are vigorously attacked.

We have cliques (says Mr. Sala), coteries, sets, parties, schools, staffs, circles, more or less "well-informed," but no Men. Clubism has been carried to its fullest extent—miserable peddling joint-stock *société anonyme* system has pervaded every state and condition of life. It is intolerable. Give me a Man, even if he be a rogue. Let Shylock lend me ducats, instead of the "Imperial Bill Discounting Company" (provisionally registered). Let Mr. Bludyer review this article and flay me, rather than I should be anonymously sneered at by the men on the "Mud-lark" literary journal. Give me one Aretino to libel me, rather than a hundred "good-natured people" to tell lies about me.

Now all this is very smart and epigrammatic; but it is about as much to the purpose as a tirade against the laws of nature would be. *Camaraderie* is not a new invention, simply because modern dramatist gave it a name and illustrated its advantages by an admirable comedy. On the contrary, it is as old as the hills; as old, at least, as humanity itself; as old as the first day when men first collaborated together to do any sort of good or evil work under the sun. Why, what is society but a *camaraderie*? What is nationality but a *camaraderie*? What are family ties but bonds of *camaraderie*? What will the Millennium be if not one universal *camaraderie*? We had written down that no one who is not a Bohemian or an outlaw can, from the bottom of his heart, object to *camaraderie*; but is there not *camaraderie* even among Bohemians and outlaws? Mr. Sala asks for rogues rather than not have men at all; but we tell him that, without *camaraderie*, he must have beasts and not men—he must have monsters, misanthropes, maniacs. Why, without it what becomes of that solace of friendship so warmly eulogised by the Golden-mouthed—"quanta indoluptas, quanta securitas!"—what are we to do in this world of moil and trouble if we take not Seneca's advice to "get a faithful friend into whose bosom we may pour our secrets; for nothing so delights the mind as when we have a friend ready to receive our secrets, in whose conscience we can trust as in our own, whose talk will console our loneliness, whose opinion may strengthen us, whose mirth dispel our melancholy, and whose very sight may be delightful to our eyes?" Of course we know nothing privately of the matter; but we dare be bound that this very contemner of *camaraderie* is himself as jolly

a good fellow, *aussi bon camarade*, as a man could meet with in a long day's walk. Only for the moment it suits him to act the Timon.

Not but what this potent instrument for good may be grossly perverted to evil purposes. There may be a fraternity for robbing, and that is bad; or there may be a fraternity for misleading men's minds, and that is worse; for a muscular policeman can prevent the consummation of the one purpose, but what shall arrest the fulfilment of the other? So also, we know that there is a weak and despicable species of *camaraderie*, founded upon some such accidental circumstance as that one man belongs to the same club, or frequents the same tap-room, or contributes to the same periodical, or once lent five shillings to another—circumstances which are not so trivial but that they oftentimes bind men together for life, and are deemed sufficient to establish an alliance offensive and defensive, by virtue of which Jack puffs Tom's wares with impudent mendacity during all the remainder of his natural life. This sort of *camaraderie* is very much in vogue among the devilled-kidney and brown-stout critics; who tell the public that Smith's tragedy is "worthy of the elder dramatists," and that Jones's farce was "received with enthusiastic shouts of laughter"—for no better reason than because both Smith and his independent critic belong to that well-known club, "The Literary Dustmen"; or because Jones (who is rich) gives neat little suppers at his *petite maison* in St. John's Wood.

We pass by some very fierce invective against the Emperor of the French (thrust in under pretence of asserting that he is a Man without *camaraderie*—which is not true, but which it is not here important to disprove), and come at once to the subject-matter in hand—Robson. Here we have a perfect specimen of what a Man should be, according to Mr. Sala:—

He stands out alone: he has in his vocation no peers; no man's mantle—Bannister's, Downton's, Shuter's, Emery's—has fallen upon him; but he has made a cloak for himself out of the rags and tatters of the lamentable dramatic cast-off clothes shop, and wears and keeps it right royally.

A proof of this is, that

We go to see Robson; and that is perhaps one of the strongest evidences of his individuality. It can be said of scarcely any other actor of the present day. We don't go to see Mr. Benjamin Webster specially; but we drop in at half-price at the Adelphi Theatre: we remember the next day that in a particular piece he saw Mr. Webster act like the careful painstaking, observant, conscientious, appreciative comedian as he is. We go to the Haymarket, and are amused by Compton's dryness and Buckstone's drollery; but to see them personally was not the only object of our visit. We went to see some farce by John Oxenford or Robert Brough, in which Buckstone and Compton were supposed to be funny.

For a gentleman who condemns cliquism, this is not bad; seeing that both Mr. Oxenford and Mr. Brough stand confessed to the world as fellow-contributors in *The Train*. But to continue,—

People don't go to see Wright, at least I don't, seeing that I would prefer walking ten miles to avoid Mr. Wright altogether. I don't think that I am singular either in saying that I would rather witness the "Game of Speculation" (though the play is, indeed, but a bald translation of the inimitable "Mercadet") without Charles Mathews, than Charles Mathews without the "Game of Speculation." I am sure no man in his senses would make a special pilgrimage to Oxford-street specially to see that vain little man, hard by the American Stores, who mistakes a plenitude of upholstery for archaeological lore, an abundance of "supers" for a restitution of the text of Shakspere, and fancies himself an actor because his father was famous. I did go to see "King Henry the Eighth," the other night; but I am not exaggerating when I state that I left the theatre in a state of foggy uncertainty as to the identity of the actor who has misrendered *Wolsey*; and to this hour I cannot make up my mind as to whether it was *Cardinal Campelus*, who was the diminutive thing with the hatchet face, or *Lord Sands*, who spoke as though he had a cold in his head. But we go to see Robson. "Seeing Robson" was one of the few London attractions that the editor of *The Times* (a clear-sighted man, though a dishonest one) could enumerate among the notable sights fit to be offered to the foreign visitor to London. Why? The reason I think is simple and palpable. Why? Because to this man has been given an insight into the human heart, and the power of delineating human passions. He does not create—at least he ought not to attempt creation, for his efforts of unmitigated originality are simply mid-summer madness; full of genius, but incoherent and oppressive as a night-mare—but it is his to seize, to demonstrate, to drag up from the depths of the soul

the latent, seldom seen, more seldom understood, emotions that make up the sum of humanity. He is a *voyant*. He is the *Bodach Glas* of human character. All the petty meannesses, the crawling spites, the grovelling desires, the pettish caprices; all the spasms of malice, of envy, and of hatred; all the insolence, the sarcasm, the anger, the impotent malevolence, the one's own heart-eating, the cunning, the hypocrisy, the transitions of misery and happiness, of supplication and refusal, of elation and depression, of sullenness and frenzy, of determination and irresolution; all the howls of a wild beast pent up in a man's body; all the little vestiges of human feeling sometimes evoked from the breast of a seeming tiger, lights and shades, sunshine and clouds, smiles and tears, the evil and the good, the rascally and the sublime, Robson is master of them all. When he acts, you see a Man before you often contemptible, often detestable, but always natural. But it is not a man in evening dress, with his hand on his heart and "my dear fellow" on his rotten lips. Robson has many rivals in mere "character" parts: Wigan, Charles Mathews, Webster, Leigh Murray, are better mimes than he. But he shows us the *man turned inside out*. He wears his soul on his sleeve. He shows us the inner life. He shows us not only Prometheus, but Prometheus's vulture-torn liver. All this is done without ostentation, without effort, without apparent exertion of the means of art. The end comes before you suddenly, unexpectedly. His physical qualifications are few. He is an agile dancer; he has a wonderful command of voice in pitch and intonation, and is a passable mimic; but his stature is small, his presence mean, his gait exaggerated, his face not in any way remarkable for expression. Suddenly you find yourself listening to a man possessed by a devil; you are riding through the air on a broomstick to a witch's Sabbath; a wild horse is running away with you; you are plunged into a lake of burning marl; you have laughing-gas applied to your nostrils; you are in hysterics; you go mad; and it is only after all "little Robson" playing an absurd part in a sorry burlesque by Mr. James Robinson Planché, "Rouge-croix Pursuivant at Arms."

As we have already hinted, we consider that there is in this criticism some truth finely expressed; but in the passages quoted above there is a vast amount of what is commonly called *bosh*. In the first place, there is a systematic depreciation of other artists for the special glorification of the favourite hero—a mode of argument which is never needed to support real merit, and which is quite untenable upon the premises laid down by this writer. The sneer at Charles Mathews, for instance, is so disproportioned to the merits of that actor that it is simply ridiculous; nor is the side-blow at the "Game of Speculation" at all warranted by the facts of the case. We do not know that we can take much objection to the castigation of "that vain little man, hard by the American Stores"—excepting that praise of Robson did not absolutely necessitate an attack upon the lessee of the Princess's Theatre; and that it is a stale "dodge" to attempt the degradation of a man by a sneering reference to his *locus in quo*. Be that as it may however, we certainly see no necessity for Mr. Sala to volunteer his opinion that the editor of the *Times* is "a dishonest man." Surely he was putting a trust in the impunity of insignificance by no means complimentary to himself and his collaborators when he ventured to indite such a sentence.

But for Robson himself. It certainly is a new reading of the word *genius* to apply it to a man in the same breath with which you deny him the *creative faculty*. Why, that is genius, and nothing else is. Without it there can be no genius at all; with it there must be genius. So then, if Robson have no creative faculty, and consequently no genius, in what respect is he better than his fellow-actors? We are presently informed that, as a *mime*, he is positively inferior to several of them. But what is a *mime*, if not a counterfeiter of other men's acts, an impersonator? and what is an actor if not that? We don't suppose that Mr. Sala intends to insinuate that "little Robson" has really within his bosom all those terrible qualities of which he gives so portentous a catalogue. He merely acts, or counterfeits them, and is to that extent a *mime*; yet Mr. Sala bases solely upon his powers in this respect the assertion that he has "no peer in his vocation." What is the meaning of this? Robson is the greatest actor alive, but he is inferior as a *mime* to Charles Mathews, Wigan, Emery, &c.; but he is nevertheless superior to them all, because he has the power of acting, or miming certain human qualities. Mr. Sala's argument appears to us defective here.

Well, but whether Robson be an actor or not, or whether he can act better than Charles Mathews and *mine* worse, or whether he can be a *genius* and yet not *create*, it seems pretty clear

that he is a *voyant* and a *Bodach Glas*,—and that he can show us "the man turned inside out,—the inner life,—Prometheus's vulture-torn liver." Really, we believe that no one will feel more surprised at this than the clever actor who is the object of Mr. Sala's criticism. He a *Bodach Glas*! He a man turned inside out! Why of all the decent, quiet, tax-paying, innocuous little mortals that ever stepped upon shoe-leather, this is the last against whom such a charge should be made. Lest Robson should not quite understand the equivocal compliment concealed under these mysterious words *Bodach Glas*, we take the liberty of informing him that it is somewhat equivalent to calling him *Buggaboo*—a character in nursery mythology of which he may possibly retain some recollection. We must confess that we have never yet seen "a man turned inside out," and we scarcely imagine that it would be an attractive object of speculation; but we hope that, if Robson ever does perform that extraordinary feat, he never so far forgets himself as to omit turning himself back again.

Perhaps this may be pronounced to be very dense and stupid—proving, in fact, an inability to understand Mr. Sala's metaphor. But we do understand the metaphor, and we reply to it metaphorically. We believe that this power of displaying the dirtiness of our nature, the obscene parts of human souls, is neither so rare nor so admirable as Mr. Sala would have us suppose. There is a vexed question in literature about the relative excellence of Dickens and Thackeray; and the principle upon which it turns is not very remote from this comparison between Robson and his fellows. Thackeray is a great anatomist, and Dickens is a great painter; and it merely depends upon a man's preference for a dirty but necessary department of science to a delightful art, whether he prefers the former or the latter novelist. Thackeray dissects the human heart, and (to quote Mr. Sala's words) proves himself master of all the petty meannesses, the crawling spites, the grovelling desires, the pettish caprices, all the spasms of malice, of envy and of hatred, &c.: Dickens, on the other hand, idealises humanity, and sheds around our faulty nature the dazzling halo of his genius. The one is Mr. Partridge delivering a clinical lecture in his anatomical school, cutting and hacking with marvellous skill, in garments stained and odorous with the work; the other is Raffaello Sanzio, painting with a pen instead of with a pencil. The one addresses the brain, and the other the heart; but there is more—O how far more!—intellect in the heart than in the brains. What is the result in the case of these two novelists? Why, the one has many competitors, and some of them (Swift, Sterne, and Fielding) are superior to him; but the other stands alone in literature. Now Robson is a Thackeray upon the stage. If you ask where is the Raffaello Sanzio, we must confess that we know of none. Jacques Callot did by engraving something akin to that which Robson does by acting—he depicted the grotesque; but we never heard that he was ranked the greatest of engravers on that account. There is a mad painter in the criminal wards of Bedlam—one Dadd, who paints, with curious skill, strange and hideous phantasms such as a madman only could conceive, and an understanding labouring under *delirium tremens* admire; but no one ever dreams of quoting him as the chieftest of living painters. That poor, wretched, fever-stricken soul, Heinrich Heine (who has just passed away from torment into peace) produced similar phenomena in song; but no one, that we are aware of, ever pronounced him to be the greatest poet in the world; albeit, as we write the name, we remember that Mr. Sala places it among his list of great men.

What then are we to suppose? Is Robson mad? Is he a Callot, a Dadd, or a Heine? By no means. He is precisely what Mr. Sala says he is not; he is a perfect *mime*. He has caught the trick of mimicking incipient insanity, defective intellect, and all shades of the lowest passions, so deftly that we believe, if it so pleased him, he could pass a day in Bedlam without his sanity being detected; but, for all that, he is as sane as any of us. We will even go so far as to assert that we believe he is himself not aware how excellent a *mime* he is. We have, like Mr. Sala, experienced that galvanic shock akin to terror with which he suddenly thrills you; but we believe that he has no more definite intention of shocking us than has the electric eel. As for plunging you into a lake of burning marl, or applying laughing gas to your nostrils, we should

be much less surprised to see him applying some porter to his own lips as he cheerily drank our health over the rim of the tankard.

We never saw that great actor who once bore the name of Kean, and we deplore it; but we will venture to suppose that no one will deny that he had some small gifts in the way of portraying human passions, both great and small, or that he appeared to have some insight into the human heart. Yet what was the natural disposition of the man? Despicably mean below all estimation. So that all this grand display of feeling, this noble prodigality of sentiment, was mere fiction and seeming, not a whit more real than the tinsel crown upon his head. Indeed, it seems to be a rule that actors should be off the stage the exact opposites of what they are when on. Clowns are said to be melancholy—we don't know one, or would speak positively; Hamlet gets drunk, and bilks his tailor; and so Robson, the most diabolical and meanest of mortals when in his favourite disguise, is naturally an unpretending and honourable gentleman.

We do not seek by this to depreciate Robson. On the contrary, we wish to appreciate him at his correct value. Overpraise, and that in the wrong direction, does a man more harm than unjust dispraise. We believe that we value Robson as highly as Mr. Sala does; but then it is for diametrically opposite reasons. We like him because he is an admirable *mime*—not because he is not; we value him because he is an actor, and not a *Bodach Glas*. But we cannot permit our gaze at him to dazzle our eyes, and disable us from looking steadily at other artists equally worthy of admiration. He has chosen a low branch of his art; and we say this of him as we would of Rembrandt, and the princely Teniers, and even of the great Salvator himself: but it is a point to be considered. Are we then, because Robson can act an itinerant minstrel in a mental daze, to forget that Robert Keeley (from one end to the other of Mr. Sala's criticism the name of that unparalleled low comedian never once occurs) can bring tears and laughter to the human face as rain and sunshine alternate in summer? Because Robson can make a hunchback crawl over the stage with such painful exactness, that, to quote Mr. Sala, his heart seems hunched, his soul squints, his mind is bow-legged, his feelings wall-eyed, and his passions high-shouldered—are we to forget that Leigh Murray can walk erect an English gentleman upon the mimic scene, because (good artist as he is) the part has been allotted to him by Nature. Shall Robson's quaint mimicry, as a country-fair showman, make us forget that we have upon our stage an actor who needs but one quality to make him the greatest actor in the world? Give Charles Mathews pathos—he has it not, and we say it of him as we would say that he wanted an arm or a leg, if that were true—give him that, and where is the actor that could compare with him? Even without it, what a giant in his art he is! Lafont, Levassor, Ravel, and Dupuis, all rolled into one. Wigan is just mentioned by Sala, but only to be ranked below Robson. How unjust this is. When could Robson ever draw such tears to the eyes as Wigan in his *Monsieur Jacques*? Yet that is but one of the many forms of character which this admirable actor can assume with equal success. And then Emery, and Phelps, and Creswick, and Ryder, and Harley, and Buckstone, and Webster—are these gentlemen to have no cakes and ale, because ginger is hot in Mr. Sala's mouth?

We too, like Mr. Sala, have seen Robson in every part that he has enacted since he appeared at the Olympic, under Mr. Farren's management, in Mr. Talfourd's travestie of "Macbeth"; and, like Mr. Sala, we entertain a great admiration of his talents, though, it may be, different in degree. We believe him to be the inventor of a style of acting for which we can find no better name than grotesque low comedy; the peculiarity of which consists in bringing the wilder passions, which have hitherto been confined within the limits of tragedy, down to the lowest depths of comedy. He shows us, not that Crookbacked Richard is a Castermanger, but that a Castermanger may be a Crookbacked Richard in his way. This is what Robson does; and we must confess that the spectacle has often seemed to us more curious than lively. Seeing a man turned inside out (we recur to Mr. Sala's metaphor) may be profitable to a medical student, but would be unprofitably disgusting to many. Therefore, while we admit Robson's value so long as he remains unique, we should be sorry to see him become the founder of a school.

*Walker's Manly Exercises.* By CRAVEN. Ninth Edition. London: Bohn. The manly sports and exercises of Englishmen are the best security for her liberties. They preserve her people from the physical degeneracy which invariably follows from neglect of the cultivation of the physical powers. It will be an evil day for old England that should witness even a decline in the field sports and amusements for which she has been famous for centuries; and a wise Government and far-seeing teachers will give them every possible encouragement. They can boast one Journal devoted to them, the *Field*, which, as the country gentleman's newspaper, records exclusively the sports which gentlemen can pursue, without the vulgarity and vice that are, unhappily, the attendants upon some of them. The gentlemen of England are now indebted to Mr. Bohn for having given to them a new and improved edition of Walker's famous book, carefully edited by Craven, and illustrated with numerous engravings, at a very small price. This volume opens with an essay on the importance of physical exercises, and then proceeds to describe them in succession—as walking, running, leaping, vaulting, balancing, throwing the discus, climbing, skating, swimming, rowing, sailing, riding, racing, hunting, and shooting.

*A Universal Alphabet, Grammar, and Language; comprising a Scientific Classification of the Radical Elements of Discourse, and Illustrative Translations, &c.* By GEORGE EDMONDS. London and Glasgow: Griffin and Co. 1856.

Most scholars are acquainted with Bishop Wilkins's curious hobby of "A Universal Language;" but there are few, we imagine, who will not share our surprise at meeting with a quarto volume, of respectable size, in which a modern philologist (evidently of no ordinary capacity) has laboriously carried out the idea to the extent of a grammar and dictionary. Forty years long, admits Mr. Edmonds, have been his studious labours in this direction, during which time he has been engaged, not only in forming his new language, but in translating several books into it. We cannot now enter into the vexed question of whether any language is ever likely to attain universal adoption; but we subjoin a specimen of Mr. Edmonds's invention, in order that our readers may form some opinion upon its merits, and as to whether they ever are likely to prefer it to that which they now use. The specimen selected is a translation of a speech by Portia, in the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice." Through want of type, we are unable to give Mr. Edmonds's accentuation, which is very peculiar:

#### THE ORIGINAL.

##### PORTIA:

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:  
It blesses him who gives and him who receives:  
It is mightiest in the mightiest: It becomes  
In the throned monarch better than his crown.

#### THE TRANSLATION.

##### PORTIA:

Vrondoo bembootu tronesinoo;  
Punsoito ibra bantu tunzo inzolni  
Yindooju drees; pontoo afri tonsoopoo.  
Tonsipo gar kentino gurkar krentino:  
Ompikous ita omukous: fonti  
Itu fonantrupoo fonadro yinku fonondrootur

*Things not generally known familiarly explained.* By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. London: D. Bogue. 1856. A useful and interesting collection of miscellaneous facts connected with the heavens and the earth, the

sea and the air, sight and sound, life and death, the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the origins of house and home, the festivals of our calendar, historical glances at laws and customs, dignitaries of Church and State, national characteristics, wonders of our inventive age, and a few curiosities of art and literature of early times. This is just one of those books which we would put into the hands of the young; not so much for what they really teach, but for the thirst for knowledge which they beget, and the trains of reading they suggest. In his preface, Mr. Timbs says, modestly and sensibly: "As in my previous labours, I have striven to be brief; for I believe, with old Fuller, 't is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library.' Herein I do not profess to instruct how 't to tell the clock by algebra, or to 'drink tea by stratagem'; but to contribute to the intellectual chat of the fireside."

*A Guide to Youth; or, the Christian Philosopher's Lessons on the Moral Duties, Virtue, and Etiquette.* By LEON DE LANDFORT, Member of the University of France. London: Ralfe. 1856. A WHOLESOME little treatise upon social and moral laws, which cannot but do good to all young persons into whose hands it may chance to fall. We are sure that its author is a good Christian, and therefore a good teacher.

*Practical Book-keeping, &c.* By THOMAS SMITH. London: Simkin and Co. *Trade Reference and Commercial Directory.* By THOMAS SMITH. Ib.

Two useful books—one designed to teach a practical system of book-keeping, and the other to explain familiarly diverse technical terms used in commerce. They will be found of great value in the schoolroom, as well as in the country-house, for these subjects are not often handled practically, and they have not yet been sufficiently made a part of education.

The Rev. C. E. Kennaway has printed a lecture delivered to a literary institution at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, on *The War and the Newspapers*, in which, while acknowledging the services rendered by the press, he eloquently and powerfully denounces the systematic abuse of all authorities, the vilification of all our generals, the degradation of the country in the eyes of the world, which have signalled the treatment by the newspapers of the war and its belongings. Every true Englishman will echo his indignant protest. We believe with him that "the tide has turned, and that the honesty and generosity of the people of England will ultimately do justice to names which have been aspersed, though it cannot mend the hearts that have been broken." We commend this delightful lecture to every reader who can send a shilling's worth of postage-stamps to the publisher, Mr. C. D. Mayne, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, who will return a copy post free.

*The Refugee; or, the Narrative of the Fugitive Slaves in Canada,* by Benjamin West, is called a "Northside view of slavery." These histories are told by the fugitives; and the editor has added an account of the history and condition of the coloured population of Upper Canada.

*Chambers's Handbook of American Literature* is a conspectus of American authors, divided into periods, with short biographies, critical accounts of their productions, with specimens of their compositions, similar to Chambers's popular and really admirable "Cyclopedia of British Literature."

Mr. S. Shirley has addressed some useful advice to the working classes, under the appropriate title of

*Our National Sinev.* He points to several ways in which the present condition of the working people may be improved.

The 2nd vol. of the *Geography of Strabo*, translated by Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Falconer, has been added to "Bohn's Classical Library."

*Sketches on Italy* is a severe attack on the Papal rule by one who avows himself in faith a Roman Catholic, but opposed to the temporal claims of the Papedom.

Mr. John Ella has published a thin volume on *Warrants for Goods, their Use and Abuse.* He introduces brief explanations of the present system of *warrants*, and the imperfect security it affords.

*Practical Observations on Health and Long Life*, by E. Epps, contains some good instructions; but homœopathy is covertly taught.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*Blackwood* for March has two notable articles, on the Life and Works of a French author as yet almost unknown in England, and "Biography run Mad"—a clever hit, in Maga's old style, at the recent editorial memoirs that have issued from America. Graver topics are a review of Liddell's "Rome and an historical sketch of the Greek Church.

*Putnam's Monthly* is an American magazine, whose contributors are said to be the ablest of her literary men—even boasting Bryant and Longfellow. The poetry is usually very good. The articles are short and sparkling. Perhaps there is a little too much fiction. The best paper in this number is on "The Philosophy of Punning."

*Bentley* opens with an article on our differences with the United States, by a writer who is manifestly master of his subject. It treats the question fairly. "A Week at Constantinople" is a good sketch of that city as it is. Mr. Costello's "Dock Warrants, a Tale of the Times," is somewhat too much a tale of the day to please us.

*Hogg's Instructor* has its usual variety of short papers, of which the best is on Pantheism. It has an interesting review of Professor Christmas and his works, by Mr. Bigg.

The First Part of Mr. Henry Mayhew's new periodical, *The Great World of London*, fairly launches him upon his bold enterprise, and promises well for the future. Opening with a Balloon View of London, he returns to earth, and proceeds to a minute description of its size and population. He next presents it to us from different points of view—as the entry into London by rail; the port of London; and London from the top of St. Paul's. Next he turns to the contrasts of London—its riches and poverty, its charity and crimes. This is followed by the London streets, their traffic, names, and character. It abounds in laboriously collected facts and figures, and yet it is very amusing reading. It is illustrated by excellent woodcuts. We are glad to see, from an advertisement on the cover, that *London Labour and the London Poor* is to be continued and completed.

The Sixth Part of *Chambers's History of the Russian War* continues the narrative to the direful winter of 1854-5.

*The Dublin* opens with a paper full of curious information on Potemkin and his Conquest of the Crimea. "A Handful of Jacobite Songs," and "Novels and Novelists," are very pleasant reading. So is the paper on "The Dramatic Authors of Ireland."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has more original matter than its chronicle of the times and in its wonderful obituary.

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

##### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

PORTUGAL we know better by the Port she sends us than by the books she sends us. If books she does produce, let us hope they are of better quality than some of her wines. But it is said, we know not upon what authority, that we are guilty of translating her wines through the medium of her own logwood, and that she is guilty of translating our novelists through the medium of Lisbon counting-house clerks of English origin. At all events, beyond an Oporto or Lisbon price-current, we rarely set eyes upon an original Portuguese work of modern date. Here, however, is one at last, for which let us be thankful, notwithstanding it is a little old. Alexandre Herculano is a modern Portuguese author. He has written a "History of Portugal," "Poesias," and one or two romances. As the reader is not likely to care very much about the History or the "Poesias" (which may be melodious enough for aught we know), let us intro-

duce him to one of the author's romances, which we have run down after a hard chase. It is called *Euridico o presbítero*—which we might translate, to make more intelligible that which has to follow, Euridico the priest of the Goths. As a literary production it has considerable merit; the language is Southern and lively; but here and there is rather too high-flown to suit a Northern taste. As a romance, it contains the usual amount of improbabilities and horrors, hair-breadth escapes and providential interventions. But let us on. The scene is the south of Spain at the beginning of the eighth century, when the monarchy of the Visigoths was overthrown, after three centuries' duration, and when the Moors made the conquest of the country under their leader Tarik. The first chapter introduces us to Euridico, who is the hero of the piece. He comes no one knows from whence, and enters a monastery near the ruinous town of Carteja, one of the first founded by the Phœnicians in Spain,

situated near the rock Calpe, which after Tarik's successful invasion was called Gibraltar. At first he is feared by the people of the district; there is something mysterious about the man; he takes solitary walks along the seashore, and spends whole nights among the rocks and chasms of Calpe; he must surely be in league with the evil one. In time, however, they come to love him, and to regard him as their benefactor. He receives their confessions, gives them absolution, and never sends the poor empty away. His visits to the rock have a meaning. It is not long before he discovers a hostile fleet of Moors crossing the strait, and, in a letter, gives intimation of their approach to Theodimir, Duke of Cordova. In this letter he reveals himself to the Duke. They had once been brothers in arms, and had fought side by side in many a well-contested battle. Euridico had thought proper, however, to fall in love with Hermengard, the fairest lady in the land, sought her hand of her father, Favila,

Duke of Cantabria, and was indignantly refused. Disgusted with the world, he took the vow and entered a monastery, where he was lost to his former companions. Theodmir is glad to find in the priest of Carteja the friend of his youth, and invites him to buckle on his armour once more to do battle against the enemies of Spain, placing various temptations before him of a worldly kind. The priest refuses. But now the Moors have landed, have scaled Calpe, and soon descend to attack the army of Roderick, the last of the Goths, where it is posted on the banks of the Chrysus. An animated description is given of this dreadful battle, which lasted two days, and which ended in the entire defeat of the Goths. An episode occurs in the middle of the battle, which is vividly told. Theodmir had singled out the traitor Count Julian, who fought on the side of the Saracens. Both are eager for the fray—the Duke through the promptings of patriotism, the other through those of vengeance. Julian is wounded and unhorsed; but, again mounted, he returns shortly after, to complete, if possible, his revenge. Theodmir, meanwhile, is engaged with a new foe in the person of Muguez, another renegade. Matters go hard with Theodmir contending against two enemies, when a knight in mail of black and helm of black, a man of gigantic stature, and mounted on powerful black horse, joins the scene. His person is not unknown to either of the combatants, his name is known to none. He had appeared on the first day of battle so suddenly that he might have dropped from the clouds. Armed with a ponderous war-club and battle-axe only, he performed prodigies of valour, clearing a passage for himself repeatedly through the ranks of the Infidels. By the Goths he was regarded as the protecting angel; by the Moors as Eblis, the Lord of Gehenna. Short work he makes now of Muguez, the traitor, and Count Julian thinks it prudent to retire. Before breaking his way through the squadrons of the Saracens, which by this time have almost hemmed him in, he whispers into the ear of Theodmir. The redoubtable Black Knight is Euridico, the priest of Carteja, who again returns to the fight, and leaves the field only when it is lost.

Next we are taken to the convent of the Dolorous Virgin, where a fearful tragedy is enacted. Chrimhilde, the abbess, to save her nuns from dis honour at the hands of the Infidels, who have pressed into the lonely convent, stabs them one by one, in the crypt before the altar, where she herself falls at last, but not by her own hand; she is felled by an infuriated Pagan, who succeeds in breaking into the chapel. We are so far anticipating, and return to give an extract to show the quality of the fare the author has placed before the public. The Sintila of the narrative is another traitor-Goth:

Among those who were the first to press into the convent was Sintila. He had rushed on in advance of the others, and descended a dark staircase, which opened, as it seemed, into a room lighted up with many torches. This circumstance excited his curiosity in lively degree, and caused him to tread cautiously. When half-way down he suddenly paused. He fancied he heard a hymn sung by many voices in harmony, which at intervals was broken by painful sighs and groans. He listened again. He had not deceived himself. A certain terror began to overcome him, and he would have turned back had he not heard some one behind him. It was two Arabian sheikhs, and an officer of the Count of Septum (Julian), whom accident had led the same way. Sintila gave them a sign to remain still, and descended softly until he came to a passage which led into the lighted room. Now he knew where he was. He had before him one of those mysterious and holy places, which at that time it was usual to construct under the church—a church of the dead; for here rested the ashes of martyrs upon altars, and at the feet there knelt the faithful, who regarded this spot of earth as a last resting-place, where abundant prayers should be offered up, and clouds of incense ascend to propitiate them. Sintila found himself in the crypt of the convent of the Dolorous Virgin. The light, he perceived, proceeded from numerous lamps, which burned in gigantic lanterns, and which were reflected from the stalactites which depended from the marble roof. Wax lights burned before the crucifixes, the only images which stood upon the naked altars. On the gravestones of nuns, which ran in a long series around the place, merely a date or a name was shone upon. These were the only convent annals, the stone chronicles which preserved so many virtues. The blinding light which flowed from this dwelling of horrors prevented Sintila, at first, from seeing what was going on. With a certain fear he sought to discover a living being in this dazzling solitude, as the hymn and the

sighings, momentarily broken off, began anew; first the harmonious voices, then the deep suppressed groans, and again silence. The two sheikhs and the officer had by this time arrived. Encouraged by the presence of each other, they mounted a large tomb, and from thence surveyed the place from whence the hymn proceeded. A horrible scene presented itself to them. High and strong oaken bars parted off a wide space, without graves, immediately before the high altar, from the rest of the church. A lofty cross stood in the background. On both sides of this space stood two rows of nuns in dark coloured garments. Others on their knees bowed their heads upon the first step of the altar. Between the rows stood a single nun, whose eyes flashed in the gleam of the torches, and whose stern countenance inspired terror. She held in her hand a dagger; but it had lost its brightness, it was steeped in blood. Just then one in white was kneeling before her, while outside the grating which defended the space knelt an old man, whose silver locks and beard covered his breast and shoulders. He stretched his arms through the bars—a spasm of terror seemed to convulse him and to choke the words in his throat, so that he could only whisper, like one in the agonies of death. Again rose the voice of a psalm from one of the two choirs of nuns; but the nun with the dagger stretched forth her hand and commanded silence. She spake. Sintila, who was on the point of going forward, stood still now and listened. Slow and funeral sounded her words, as if she had been a ghost who had arisen from one of the graves of the vault. She turned to the woman in white by her side: "Once more, noble lady, listen to the prayer of the old castellan, who would save you. For you there is still hope on earth; our dwelling is in heaven. If the infidels learn that there lives any one in Spain who can unloose your bands with gold or avenge your shame with the sword, then they will regard the innocence of the virgin. But for us, who have no one in this world, there remains only one fearful way of escape, which the Lord hath given us. Martyrdom will surround our brows with everlasting glory. The angels of God await us!" "My resolution stands firm, most worthy Chrimhilde. I shall die with you and your sisters. Then will my spirit, like yours, ascend undefiled through the last proof which Christ exacts from us in this life. Like you, I shall, without trembling, bear witness to the Cross. My father's old castellan deceives himself if he asserts that the infidels respect the purity of a Gothic virgin. . . . I prefer the knife to dishonour, and regard it as a blessing that the Lord has led me to the convent of the Dolorous Virgin." "The will of God be done!" replied the nun, while she grasped the dagger with both hands, and raised them towards heaven. After an instant of fearful silence, Chrimhilde, turning to the left, continued: "Hermentruda, come hither!" A nun stepped from the ranks, and knelt at the feet of the abbess. Her friends likewise fell on their knees, their faces turned towards the altar, and the hymn which Sintila had first heard sounded again through the vault. . . . The mournful but melodious song of the virgins became gradually weaker, more trembling, until it died away like a gentle prayer. Scarcely had it ceased, when a piercing, agonising death-scream arose from the side of the abbess. Sintila fancied he saw Chrimhilde's dagger twice plunged into the nun who lay at her feet. A cry of horror involuntarily escaped his lips, and resounded through the temple.

Our extract is rather long, and sufficiently dismal. We write at midnight, and hold our breath, but must take courage and hasten the sequel of the tale. We are now in a cave among the mountains of Andalusia. Here we meet Pelagius, the young Duke of Cantabria, the brother of Hermengard, who had placed her for a night into the care of Chrimhilde, intending to fetch her away the following day. Pursued by a body of Saracen horsemen, he is compelled to abandon his intention. He hears of the martyrdom of the virgins, and fears that his sister suffered with the others. The old Castellan arrives to inform him that his sister still lives, but has become the spoil of the Emir Abdelazig. How is she to be saved? Our ubiquitous friend, the Black Knight, is present. He reveals himself to Pelagius, and undertakes to rescue his sister or die in the attempt. Next we find him in the Saracen camp: he has found his way with ten trusty followers through the outposts of the enemy, and now stands concealed behind the drapery of the Emir's tent. Abdelazig has commanded Hermengard into his presence, and seats her beside him on his couch. He regards her with amorous passion, solicits her to become his wife, gets furious when she refuses his advances, and is proceeding to violence, when the Black Knight enters, and, with the ugly club, which he has evermore chained to his girdle, deals the Emir such a blow on the head as silences him for a time. To seize Hermengard, and to set fire to the tent with a torch, ready to his hand, is the work of a moment. In the confusion which soon arises, he escapes with his followers from the camp,

entrusting Hermengard to the care of two of the stoutest of them. They are pursued, however, and this portion of the story is admirably told. They arrive at length at a deep and rapid river, which must be crossed. Hermengard by this time is nearly dead with fear and fatigue; but she must be saved, for here come, thundering down a hill in their rear, the Moors; the party can hear their shouts, can see their white turbans. The Black Knight seized her in his arms, as he would a child, and bears her safely across. He carries in his arms his first and last love, and she, on her part, recognises Euridico, in the Black Knight, by his voice. No time is to be lost now in sentimentalities. The last of his followers has scarcely crossed the giddy bridge before the Moors have reached it, and are endeavouring to crawl across it like rats. The trusty squire, who was the last to cross, with his battle-axe hews and hews at the opposite end till it gives way, plunges with a crash into the river, and carries with it many of the infidels. The pursuit of the others is interrupted for the present. More adventures follow; but we pass them by. An affecting scene afterwards occurs between Euridico and Hermengard. She would claim him as her husband, and reminded him of his early vows. But he has since taken other vows; a great gulph, he tells her, stands between them, which cannot be overleaped. There are tears on one side, despair on the other. Love pleads strongly; religious obligation has claims, however, that must not be set aside. They part for ever—Euridico to be slain by Count Julian, in the camp of the Infidels, Hermengard to sicken and lose her reason. Enough. Let us turn to realities for a moment.

M. de Lamartine, better known by his merits as a graceful poet and accomplished writer than by his successes as a politician and minister, has once more appeared before the public, in a monthly magazine, which he intends to write from beginning to end with his own pen. The first number appeared on the Wednesday of last week, under the title of *Cours familier de Littérature*, and with the sub-title *Un Entretien par mois*. The *Cours familier* will create a profound sympathy in the breasts of both French and English readers with the gifted author, who, in this first number, pours forth the griefs he has now to suffer in his old age. He speaks not of his political, but of his literary life, and, after touching on the part he has played in the world of literature, he uses the following affecting language:—

Behold how literature elevates the mind into action; see how it consoles the heart in disgrace. Here I wish to go as far along with you as plain speech can go. There are some things that can be said only once in life; but it is necessary that they should be said, otherwise you will never yourselves comprehend the all-powerfulness of literary sentiment on the life of the public man and on the heart of the private man. Far from me be the timidities of words! I here open my heart to its innermost folds. The decorum of pusillanimous writers never uncovers these auditories of the heart in public; but a heart swollen with grief raises from more manly breasts these vain bandages, with a shamelessness of sincerity more chaste at bottom than the false modesty of convention. If the *Laocoön*, writhing in marble under the redoubled folds of the serpent, were not naked, should we not hear his tortures? When the heart breaks should we not hear the vein? Under deceiving appearances, my life is not calculated to inspire envy; I shall say more, it is at an end; I no longer live, I survive. Of all these multiple men that lived in me, to a certain degree, man of sentiment, man of poesy, man of the tribune, no more remains of me but the man literary. The literary man himself is not happy. Years do not yet weigh me down, but they reckon me up. I bear more painfully the loads of my heart than the load of years. These years, like the ghosts of Macbeth, passing their hands over my shoulder, show me with the finger not crowns, but a sepulchre; and would to God I were already laid there! I have not within me a smile for either the past or the future; I grow old without posterity in my empty house, all surrounded with the tombs of those I have loved; I cannot take a step from my dwelling without striking my foot against one of those stumbling-stones of our tendernesses or our hopes. There are so many bleeding fibres torn from my heart still living and buried before me, while this heart within me beats like a timepiece which one has forgotten to take down in abandoning a house, and which still sounds in vacancy the hours that no one counts!

This is not the whimpering of dotage, but the natural language of a man who has been sorely tried in his affections. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and when a true man chooses to make his sorrows known we should approach him



doublet; and what made matters worse, he had pawned all his spare clothes, jewellery, linen, &c., with the exception of a pair of silk stockings. These he bravely added to his already large stock at the pawnbrokers', and raised on them some four or five testoons, with which he again gambled, and so successfully, as to be able to withdraw all his effects from the clutches of the Jews."

This passion for gambling, which did not contribute a little to the subsequent elevation of Mazarine, was not in the least approved of by his father, who availed himself of the opportunity afforded him by the departure of his friend, Don Girolamo Colonna, as ambassador to Madrid, to have his son attached to the mission. Time seems to have gone over but slowly at the Court of Madrid: gambling was quite as favourite a pastime as at Rome; but poor Giulio had no money, and was, besides, kept within bounds by a wholesome dread of his patron, Colonna. Oneday, however, he was unable to withstand the temptation, and he lost not only all his ready money, but a large sum on *parole*. This check threw him into a state of melancholy which all his powers of dissimulation could not conceal. "Under these circumstances (continues the author) he used to turn himself into ridicule, and exclaim, 'Che sciocco animale che l'uomo senza danaro!'" He got out of this scrape by a barefaced lie, which met with the utmost success. A notary of Madrid had taken a great liking for him; and from him he borrowed a few pistoles, promising to return them when the mail should arrive from Rome, as he had been advised it would bring him some money. He played with the amount he had thus obtained, and was enabled to pay the notary all his debts of honour, and still remained at the head of a respectable sum.

This adventure was likely to have more serious consequences for Mazarine than is imagined. The notary had an only daughter. The friendship he felt for Mazarine had, no doubt, been increased by the esteem inspired by his punctuality in paying his debts. He made up his mind that Giulio Mazarini should be his son-in-law. The daughter was handsome, fascinating; it was not, therefore, surprising that Mazarine should have fallen into the trap. The destinies of France would have been far different—the Fronde would never have come to pass, had the successor of Cardinal Richelieu subsided into a quiet burgess of Madrid; but Providence interfered, in the shape of Don Girolamo Colonna; who, having heard of the affair, sent back his secretary post haste to Rome, with a recommendation to his father to keep a sharp eye on his young son.

The passion for the fair *notariana* appears to have been genuine; for, on receiving the command of Don Girolamo, to think no more about the marriage, he withdrew from society, and even cards failed to tempt him from his retirement. Mazarine was not a man to play the "love-sick swain" for any length of time, and he very soon afterwards emerged from his solitude to perform the principal part in a play written by the Jesuits in honour of their founder, St. Ignatius.

The affair of Casal, when Mazarine went to France for the first time, is too well known to be repeated here; but the following anecdote will not be unacceptable to your readers. It is interesting chiefly from the desire it shows in Mazarine to attract the notice of the Queen, Anne of Austria. It should perhaps be premised that at that period both Louis XIII. and Richelieu were yet alive. I translate it *literatim*:

Mazarine, being naturally of a cautious circumspect disposition, was aware of the King's good intentions towards himself, neglected no opportunity of displaying a munificence and liberality more than princely. He went one evening to the Palais Royal, where he found the court at cards. Mazarine was asked to "take a hand," and accepted with the more readiness as he was in hopes of seeing the Queen. Fortune smiled on Mazarine, and he succeeded in chaining her, so that in a very few hours he was master of some hundred thousand scudi. The rumour of this extraordinary vein soon spread through the apartments, and the courtiers trooped round the card-table, to see the heaps of gold which stood before him. The Queen came like the rest, and as her Majesty arrived he staked all his gains against the table, and doubled them. He immediately divided some twelve thousand ducats between the courtiers that surrounded him, and sent the rest to the Queen, to whose happy influence he attributed his success. After some difficulty, her Majesty accepted the present; but a few days after sent back to Mazarine jewels worth at least double the amount he had presented her with.

Thus was the intimacy begun which led to the morganatic marriage of Anne of Austria with Giulio Mazarine.

Among the "curiosities" to be seen at the Bibliothèque Impériale in Paris, is one which I recommend to the attention of your readers; it is an Assyrian stone, probably part of the wall of a house; and from the name of its finder is called the *Caillou de Michaud*. It is covered with inscriptions, which have just been deciphered by M. Oppert. They all call down the wrath of the gods on any who lay violent hands on the house and household of one Sirousour, and bears great resemblance to the Greek *καταράτα*, as you may see by the following specimen:—

May the gods cause him who will have raised his right hand against my house, to be atheist and seek in vain for water! May he be tossed by wind, burnt by fire, crushed beneath stones! May his name be inscribed in the book of perdition! May his doom be death.

The stone, probably, was placed over the doorway; it weighs about forty pounds.

A rather curious book has been published by M. Lelut, a physician of distinction, whose speciality is "mental alienation." The object of the doctor is to show that Socrates was decidedly insane as far as his "demon" was concerned—the belief in a spirit akin to the prompter of the Greek philosopher almost invariably being one of the main features of confirmed lunacy.

All who have visited Constantinople have seen in the Hippodrome of days gone by, the Atmeidan, as the Turks call it, a brazen column, part of which is buried in the ground. According to an opinion generally accepted by archaeologists, this column—which is formed by three huge snakes, whose heads have been knocked off by some Moslem devotee, or have fallen a prey to time, oxidation, and the elements—originally came from the temple of Delphi, where it supported the golden tripod which, according to Herodotus, the Greeks consecrated to Apollo after the victory of Plataea. But the text of Herodotus only mentions one treble-headed serpent; whereas the column in question is formed of the remains of three. Excavations have recently been made round the basis, and the pediment was discovered about a couple of yards below the surface. On one of the faces a few characters have been found, so eaten by rust that it is difficult to make anything of them. The word *THNIO* . . . has, however, been made out, which would corroborate the archaeological hypothesis, seeing that according to Herodotus the name of the Tenians was inscribed on the tripod, along with those of the other nations who had overthrown him whom all in those days used to call "The Great King."

It is well known to you that one class of our Parisian *literati* affects to look with contempt on a chair in the *Académie*; but this class is composed precisely of the cast of writers whose claims to the seat are of the most questionable kind; and it must be conceded that some names have been admitted to that honour which are not calculated to raise its character. I began this subject to mention the reception of M. Legouvé, which has just taken place, into the ranks of the Academicians as the successor of M. Ancelot, a dramatist of moderate merit, but who started with a brilliant success, as it were by accident. M. Legouvé gave a lively outline of his career, with a grace, and above all a brevity, that charmed every hearer. Ancelot was a young man, a clerk in a ministerial office, at the time of the Restoration, and occupied his leisure by writing a tragedy, in verse of course. The title and subject was *Louis XII.*; and though it had little or no application to the politics of the day, the sentiments lent themselves to a defence of the new order of things, then fiercely attacked by the press and the Bonapartists. It was looked at in this sense, and Ancelot, who rose in the morning a nobody—a poor over-worked clerk, with 1200 francs a year (48L)—went, to his infinite surprise, to bed a champion of the divine right of kings, a defender of the French Monarchy, and a *protege* of the Court. His poor tragedy was lauded to the skies, and he was presented to Louis XVIII., who complimented him, and offered him a title and a pension. The former he refused, but accepted the latter, like a man of sense, and enjoyed it to the day of his death. He filled some diplomatic post in Russia, and wrote several tragedies, none of which, however, rose above graceful mediocrities. M. Ancelot was likewise the author of numerous vaudevilles, which were the best of his dramatic productions. The new Academician told all this, and finished with an estimate of his predecessor's literary character which would not have discredited Macaulay. He was replied to rather heavily by M. Flourens; but the *matinée* went off with unusual *éclat*; the weather was fine, the sun bright, the ladies in their gayest toilets—and altogether, a reception at the Académie Française is a something for a foreigner to witness. It may not be amiss to mention an error that foreigners not unfrequently fall into, in confounding members of the Institute with the Academicians. There are five departments of the former, consisting of the Beaux Arts, Sciences, Belles Lettres, &c., into which distinguished artists, musicians, and others are admitted; but the Academy is reserved for eminence of the highest kind, the poet, statesman, orator, or historian all finding a niche in the temple. Hence, "Membre de l'Institut," which we frequently find attached to the names of composers, &c., not of the very first order, is looked upon in a far different light to "Membre de l'Académie Française."

"Mlle. Rachel in America"—is the title we prefer giving to a series of letters now in course of publication, entitled *Rachel et le Nouveau Monde*, detailing the entire movements of Mlle. Rachel and the theatrical band who accompanied her across the Atlantic, from the moment of their departure by the Rouen Railway in July last, until their return to Paris some six weeks ago. Mlle. Rachel herself only arrived about a fortnight ago; her health, which has really been very indifferent, though perhaps not so bad as to cause the wreck of the speculation had her welcome been more flattering, is now improving; and it may be hoped that this little lesson of the instability of

human wishes may be of service, in teaching her to place a higher estimate on the kindness and encouragement she has experienced at the hands of her countrymen, from the hour she set her foot on the boards of the Théâtre Français, a poor, friendless candidate for public favour, without a recommendation of any kind save her talent. How that talent was fostered, praised, and rewarded, is known to everybody—as also how the fair *artiste* responded to the favour so generously extended to her. The letters furnish a pleasant commentary upon the vanity of little ambition, and are written with a gaiety and spirit which all the adverse fortunes the *troupe* experienced (the writer being one of the actors) have not been able to repress. It was quite a family party, so far as the Rachel or rather *Felix* party were concerned, there being no less than six of them among the *voyageurs*.

By a singular coincidence Mlle. Rachel, who had remained some little time at Havre, where she landed, to recruit, after the fatigue and illness of a boisterous passage, entered Paris the same evening as her great rival, Mme. Ristori, who has come back to us as brilliant and as powerful as ever. She has as yet only appeared in "Myrra," a noble tragedy of Alfieri's; but the subject is one in which only the genius of the greatest of tragedians can make the spectator forget its repulsive nature. In the hands of Mme. Ristori the character seems the very spirit of chastity and suffering. The enthusiasm and I must also say the emotion of the auditory, excited by this grand tragedian in the fourth act, surpassed anything I ever witnessed in a French theatre.

## ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, December 20th, 1856.

Recent Italian Publications—History, Romance, and Archeology.

The "History of the Italians" (*Storia degli Italiani*) by Cesare Cantu, undertaken anterior to his "Universal History," and the material compiled for which led the author to the idea of the latter more important work, had reached the fourth of the large close-printed octavos in which it is being published by Pombia, before I left Turin near the end of October. As might be expected in a favourite theme, to which the author returns after an interval of sixteen years, dedicated to the work on which his reputation principally rests, there is more announcement of feeling and individuality, more spontaneity and enthusiasm of tone, in this last than in his other productions. And that individuality which is here, as it were, personally introduced to us, must be owned to possess many qualifications for a great historian, many attributes to command interest and respect—indefatigable industry, and sustained dignity without pomposity, and felicitous power of using vast material without the fatiguing minuteness or self-consciousness of mere erudition; a philosophical habit of thought, estimating the principles of action and relations between great events or destinies; religious earnestness, which, possessed strongly by the sense of providential purpose, imparts a high-toned morality to the whole creation of the mind. Cantu has done more, perhaps, than any recent writer—certainly than any of Italy—to rehabilitate the reputation of the Middle Ages; for this very reason, that what he has done in this object has been calmly, rationally, and impartially effected. His vindication of the claims of those ages to our sympathy and reverence is touched with a certain degree of thoughtful enthusiasm, and illustrated by a highly wrought picturesqueness of description, whilst the reason is satisfied in accepting an advocacy which, at the same time, deals with even-handed justice the measure of disapprobation, and displays the darker as fully as the brighter side of the picture. The only historic romance by this writer, "Margarita Pusterla" (one of the most brilliant and successful produced in Italy since the "Promessi Sposi"), tends to the same corrective illustration of the same period: magnificent and dazzling in its portraiture of the court of the Visconti at Milan of the fourteenth century; horror-striking in the realities recorded of tyranny and the ghastly distinctness of its tragic catastrophe. Cantu, though a sincere admirer of mediæval Pontiffs, of Gregory VII. and Innocent III., though deeply convinced of the benefits conferred on society generally by the clergy and monastic orders, has not made his history in reference to those periods and characters a poem in prose, like the attractive but too obviously one-sided "Mores Catholice" of Digby; nor has he weakened its effect by sustaining the tone of the apologist. There are passages in which nationality of feeling leads him into a discursiveness that may well be excused when a country of such memories and charms as Italy is the theme, among which the following has an eloquence and harmony almost lyric in the original, scarcely to be preserved fully in translation into any other idiom. He has been speaking of the geographic peculiarities of Italy.

"Hence the marvellous varieties of aspect, that seem to bring the climate of Constantinople into proximity with that of Norway, whether in extension or elevation; so that one may gather the lemon and pome-

granite in the smiling plains at the foot of the Retian Alps, on whose rugged heights the chamois can scarcely find lichens for its food by digging into the perpetual snow. With snow is crowned that Mongibello, whose heights are scattered with volcanic scoria, whilst on its lower declivities the summer never ceases; and thus on the Madonie and Monti-Sori mountains of Sicily, one side sparkles with snow, while the other blooms with aromatic rarities. Hence also the multiform vegetation: the dark verdure of the coniferous trees that spring from the girdle of ice-seas opposed by Mount Cenis, St. Bernard, and the Splügen to the fiery darts of the sun, and to the avidity of invading conquerors; the crystalline lakes, refreshed by cool zephyrs, and set in a frame of perennial foliage from the myrtle and laurel, that stand in dark relief against the argente olive, the woodland luxuriance contrasting with the mountain grandeur around, like merry childhood and thoughtful age; in the south, deserts, where blushest the thorny *Soda spinosa*; in the north, fragrant sub-alpine meadows nourishing bees, and flocks, and cattle. Amidst files of Chinese mulberries and pine-poplars, tower stately cities on the plains of Lombardy; in limpid lakes are mirrored terrace-gardens, and slopes festooned with vines, as if decked for festivity, and bowers affording perpetual shelter from the canicular heats, the protracted aridity of resplendent skies. The gold of thousand orange and lemon fruits stands in relief against darkly umbrageous forests in Campania, the Calabrias, and the Genovesato; thickets of terebinth and lentiscus overshadow the caves of the Trogledytes; lances of agave and spathulae of cactus hedge round the fields where rise in uncultured pomp the leander, the pistachio, and the fan-like palm; rocks rendered horrid by the wild fig, the *opuntia*, the carob, and the aloe rising to twenty metres, and overshadowed by date-trees or the chestnut that may give shelter to one hundred horses under its vast-spreading foliage, announce, at Catania and Girenti the neighbourhood of Africa; the smiling aspects of Palermo, and the Neapolitan Mergellina enable us to feel as if beholding veritably a piece of *Paradise fallen upon earth*. And when with one glance the view embraces Italy and Sicily, so many highways, bays, and creeks adapted for the intercourse of civilisation and transport of produce; such wealth of minerals, such luxuries for the uses of life, such charms inviting from every plain the admiring stranger, the student of the beautiful, the pilgrim of intelligence; ancient cities buried under

*lapilli*, or forgotten among groves of brick and piles of ruin; others, formerly most populous, now thinly and poorly inhabited; ports whence once used to sail hundreds of ships, where now we scarcely see some fisherman's bark moored near the solitary strand; the mysteries of Art not less marvellous than those of Nature, and the monuments of every nation that has streaming from north and south to bathe this soil with their own and our blood; an eternal city that has governed the world, first by arms, then by laws, and finally by religion;—then, after contemplating all these, one feels oneself possessed by profounder affection for a land of privileged glories and illustrious misfortunes, which, thrice reasuscitated from its ruins, in laborious silence is restoring for itself the wings of hope."

There are, is a remark elsewhere made—and it seems paradoxical, but, I believe, is perfectly true—"There are regions and towns in Italy less known than some in Egypt and India."

The geology and natural history of this peninsula are sketched with the vigorous freedom of one thoroughly at home in the subject, and an interesting comparison is drawn between the agriculture of modern and ancient times. The wines of the ancients and the methods of making them, all enumerated by Pliny and Columella, according to those writers supplied Italy with fifty several qualities; and these alone, without foreign importation, were used at the imperial table. But, though the same method of cultivation is used at this day, no catalogue exists containing the names and enumeration of Italian wines in the nineteenth century. Lemons and oranges were, probably, not transplanted to this soil till the third century of our era.

The epoch of Etruscan civilisation is with much erudition, but entertaining style, presented before the reader in these pages; and the most celebrated monuments of that people are described as now existing. Cantu inclines to the opinion, which is also advanced by Micali, that neither the civilisation nor art of Etruria were borrowed from Greece; and the assumption that Etruscan vases are mostly of Greek origin, he argues against as untenable. As to the primitive origin of that people, he resigns himself (and must not good sense acquiesce in this conclusion?) to consider it beyond all positive demonstration, though convinced that they belonged to the very first known immigration into Italy, and afterwards became subjected to the Pelasgians, remaining so till the latter left these shores. The remark is just, that

"In speaking of the History of Italy, it is too much the case that Roman story alone is implied or thought of—an injustice which it would be well to repair by directing attention to the greater number of the conquered races, among whom are found enduring elements that have survived conquering societies finally exhausted by their own efforts." The philologic aspects of his theme are examined by Cantu with great carelessness and collation of evidences, appropriating a voluminous appendix. "We believe (he says) that the Italian languages derive from a common stock, but that, by long wanderings, migrations, and intermixtures, they became eventually so altered that the idioms of Etruscans, Umbrians, Oscans, Volscians, and Latins, were quite distinct."

Leaving mysterious Etruria and imperial Rome, a more rapid and lively style distinguishes this work in the third and fourth volumes, which comprise the period commonly denoted Middle Ages, the last closing with the end of the fifteenth century. The method is frequently followed, which has been ably carried out by the best recent biographers in German and English, as Hurter and Prescott, namely, of portraying an epoch in universal history through the medium and representation of a single character. Cantu carries out this further, by taking, as symbolic of periods, the contrasts or analogies presented by leading personages; thus he gives sections headed: "Dante and Boniface VIII.," "Dante and Petrarch," and others, in which the great chroniclers of history are themselves treated in historic analogy—Baronius and Muratori—the Tuscan Chroniclers, &c. As was inevitable, much of the same material may be recognised in this section of the work which the reader has found in the "Universal History" of its author; nevertheless, the working of these romantic and many-coloured details into a grand and impressive picture, a grouping of splendours and horrors, of darkest crimes and brightest virtues, is strikingly successful. The "Divine Comedy" is epigrammatically styled "the most important document of our history;" and the volume that introduces Dante abounds with vividly drawn episodes illustrative of his time, of thirteenth and fourteenth century manners—vignettes of arms, festivals, weddings, pomps of worship, details of the kitchen, the banquet, the bed, and the toilet. The aggregate has been so managed as to speak to the intelligence like a series of brilliant pictures, conveying general impressions of the moral principles that affected the life of society.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### THE FORTNIGHT.

MENTAL calculation formed the subject of elucidation at two meetings held at the Institution of Civil Engineers, the process having been explained by Mr. Bidder, who in early youth presented a remarkable instance of calculating precocity. Mr. Bidder at once dispelled the illusion that there was any royal road, by stating that he had invented all his own rules which had given him his early powers, and which, in fact, were only methods of so arranging calculation as to facilitate the powers of registration. When about six years old he first began to deal with numbers; his earliest recollection was in counting to 10, then 100, then 1000, and afterwards he taught himself the method of abbreviation. Mental calculation depended on two faculties—computing and registering. Computing was executive or reasoning; the faculty depending on the mind having a store of facts which it could command without effort when required. Registering or memory, this power limited the extent to which mental calculation could be carried. Up to a certain point it was as rapid as thought; but the difficulty increased in a very high ratio; so that, although Mr. Bidder had calculated 12 figures into 12 figures, the real utility was limited to 3 figures into 3 figures. A boy, as ordinarily taught, would multiply mechanically, commencing at the units. Mr. Bidder adopted the diametrically opposite course of proceeding, commencing at the left-hand side. Thus, multiplying 173  $\times$  397, the following process was performed mentally.

100 by 397 = 39,700  
70 by 300 = 21,000 = 60,700  
70 by 90 = 6,300 = 67,000  
3 by 300 = 900 = 68,300  
3 by 90 = 270 = 68,570  
3 by 7 = 21 = 68,581

The last result in each operation being alone registered in the memory. It would thus be seen that the mind adopted a system of natural algebra, and substituting algebraical terms for the numbers  $(a + b + c) \times (d + e + f) = a d + a e + a f + b d + b e + b f + c d + c e + c f$ . A similar process was carried out in addition, subtraction, and division; only in the last, as contrasted with multiplication, it was necessary to register two results. In treating the Rule of Three as applied to lineal measures, weights,

money, and time, it was necessary to store in the mind certain facts; thus, dividing the pound into its component parts, we have 240 pence and 960 farthings. The mile consisted of 190,080 barley-corns, 63,360 inches, &c.; and the year comprised of 31,536,000 seconds, 525,600 minutes, or 8769 hours. Thus, to ascertain the number of seconds in 89 years, instead of the usual process of multiplying  $89 \times 7$ , then  $\times 52$ , then interposing 87 days, then multiplying successively by 24, 60, and 60, it was only necessary to multiply at once  $89 \times 31,536,000$ —the result being obtained by 22 figures, which, in the ordinary method, would require 59 figures. Mr. Bidder had also contrived abbreviations in Square and Cube Roots, Compound Interest, and Prime Numbers.

"The cause of explosions of steam boilers" was explained by Mr. W. K. Hall, of the United States, at the same institution. Besides inherent defects of design and material, it appears from the past experience of explosions that the water was a more dangerous element than steam, for explosions had generally taken place from the water in the boiler having fallen to too low a level; the plates were then exposed to a high temperature and the steam charged with caloric. In injecting at this time an additional supply of water into the boiler it was thrown over the heated plates into the superheated steam, and suddenly converted into steam of too high tension for the boiler, operating instantaneously with all the momentum of a blow. And as the water necessary to produce this disastrous result might be supplied to the surcharged steam, from that already in the boiler, by the agitation incident to the opening of the so-called safety valve, the alarming fact was presented that the very instrument provided for insuring against explosions might become the cause of producing one. This led to the conclusion that by opening a water blow-off valve the object of safety would be attained; although the boiler might be injured and the flues destroyed, still no explosion would occur.

The term perpetual motion, although in one sense all motion, or rather all force, is perpetual, is used to convey the notion of a motive machine, the initial force of which is restored by the motion produced by itself. Now, it is agreed that this power does not exist; but certain consequences had resulted, and others are likely to result, from approximation

made towards perpetual motion, as, for instance, a current of electricity producing magnetism and thence necessarily motion, or the dilatation and contraction of water by heat and cold, or the mechanical force produced by the transfer of heat as assumed in Carnot's theory, but controverted by M. Seguin, who assumed that the elastic force of gases and vapours increased directly by pressure. Mr. W. R. Grove, in treating this subject, "The inferences from the negation of perpetual motion," at the Royal Institution, in addition to these communicated an experiment showing that when electricity performs any mechanical work which does not return to the machine, electrical power is lost or converted into mechanical power. Objections to these views were presented by M. Matteucci, which may be put thus: if chemical action can produce heat, and heat in its turn reproduce chemical action, and at the same time another force, say magnetism—by adding this to the total heat more than the original chemical action would be obtained, and hence perpetual motion. The assumed impossibility, however, thus becomes a valuable test of the approach that in any experiment we may have to eliminating the whole power which a given natural force is capable of producing; it also serves, when any new natural phenomenon is discovered, to enable us to ascertain how far this can be brought into relation with those previously known. Mr. Grove concluding "that the general scope of the argument leads the mind to regard the so-called imponderables as modes of motion and not as different kinds or species of matter."

At the Royal Geographical Society, Capt. Parish, in a paper "on the formation and track of Cyclone," stated that he considered the motion of wind in general to be rotatory, applying the term "Cyclone" to revolving winds advancing in a line. Trade winds, probably Cyclones of large diameter, strike the surface diagonally, while revolving winds of limited diameter, and tropical winds of still less diameter, strike the surface horizontally. The force of revolving winds seems to increase as the diameter decreases, and is also associated with the sun's action, seldom exceeding a fresh gale in those latitudes where the sun has not been vertical for some time, but having the violence of hurricanes where the sun is vertical. The Cyclones without but near the tropics appear to have a greater diameter than those within, and on higher latitudes with diameters of 1000 miles, or thereabouts, they

strike the surface horizontally, moving eastward; his observations appearing to establish the general rotatory character of winds.

At the same society, Consul Gardiner, on the Gipsies of Moldavia—a country, under present circumstances, of special interest—assumed the number to be about 120,000. They were intelligent and industrious, but, unfortunately, were sunk in a terrible state of slavery; and sympathy was claimed for them on the ground of their consanguinity with the natives of India. The first emigration from the Indus took place in the fourth century, when they proceeded to Beloochistan; from thence they reached Susiana, and in the sixth century they occupied the Chaldean Marshes; from whence they were moved to the Cilician Gates, and continued to inhabit North Syria until the Greek Emperors moved them to Iconium. In the thirteenth century they had reached the Bosphorus, and were first heard of in Europe in the fourteenth century, arriving in Moldavia in 1428. Everywhere their dialect corresponds with the Hindustani, although they give themselves the Egyptian appellation of Pharaon.

The arrival of Lord Canning at Bombay was made the occasion of an imposing ceremony—"the turning the first sod of the Vehar Waterworks." It appears that Bombay has been subject to quinquennial periods of water famine; for the population, which in 1816 was 161,000, in 1856 is nearly 900,000, and consequently the supply that might have been sufficient is now inadequate, and hence the necessity of a large reservoir as a means of supply at the periodical droughts. These works, long since projected, comprise an area of 9 square miles, and a depth of at least 40 feet. The cost is estimated, including the expensive iron piping to Bombay, at 25 lakhs, or about a quarter of a million sterling, and the water would thus be brought near to every man's door.

## ARCHEOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

### MONTHLY SUMMARY.

We are favoured with the first part of the *Proceedings of the Essex Archaeological Society*, a volume of unusual interest and excellence for a provincial society. First we have an inaugural lecture from the pen of the Disney Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge, which is characterised by the polished elegance of thought and language which some of our readers have before time had the opportunity of enjoying in the Professor's Cambridge lectures. Next comes a useful paper on the Roman Walls of Colchester, by Dr. Duncan, of that town—a good instalment of that long arrear of information which the antiquaries of that most interesting Roman site owe to the archaeological world. We have also a paper on the fine stone sphinx which was found years ago on the site of the hospital; full, like all Dr. Bell's papers, of reconnoitring learning and novel and startling theory. And still another Colchester paper, on the urn of dark clay, with gladiatorial scenes and an inscription, recently discovered in the extensive Roman cemetery on the west of the town. At that time this urn was unique. Similar workmanship in Samian ware was common enough; but this comparatively high style of design, executed in the ware which is believed to have come from our British kilns at Durobrivæ (Caistor), was unknown. But, since the publication of the volume under notice, another vase of similar character has been found in the same neighbourhood. The other Roman papers are—one on the Roman Sepulture of Infants, from the well-known pen of the Hon. Richard Neville; and notes on the remains of a Roman villa at Chelmsford, by Mr. F. Chancellor, of that place; and on Roman remains of various kinds at Coggeshall, on the great Roman road from Camulodunum to Verulamium and Camborium, by the Rev. E. L. Cutts, in which the fact is established conclusively that there was a Roman town or village there. The medieval papers are—in civil archaeology, some notes on Hedingham Castle, by Mr. Majendie, its present owner; a genealogical paper on the De Verea, by Mr. Almack; and some curious extracts from an old Diary, illustrative of manners and customs in Essex in the time of James II. and William and Mary, by Mr. Cutts. In the subject of ecclesiastical antiquities we have an account of some wall paintings at East Ham Church; and remarks on the Round Churches of England, with reference to that at Little Maplestead, both by Mr. G. Buckler; notes on Castle Hedingham Church, by Mr. Cutts; and, most interesting of all, an account, by Mr. King, of a newly-discovered early brass at Bowers Giffard Church—a very fine and elaborate example of the armour of the beginning of the fourteenth century. The illustrations of this volume deserve especial notice; three of them are woodcuts of first-rate excellence, viz., two views of the fine late tomb of John, Earl of Oxford, in Hedingham Church, and one of the Bowers Giffard brass; one fine steel engraving of Hedingham Castle; and the remainder are for the most part amateur etchings of very creditable character—making altogether twenty plates. We may congratulate the Essex Society on having been able to produce a first volume of transactions of such sterling and general interest.

Another provincial volume of more than average

excellence is that containing the *Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire* for the Session of 1854-55. The first paper is a general sketch of our Anglo-Saxon antiquities, by Mr. T. Wright, which was illustrated at the time of its delivery by the Faussett Collection, then recently acquired for Liverpool; and is illustrated in the volume before us by an instructive profusion of woodcuts from the works of Mr. Charles Roach Smith and Mr. Wright, and from the works of the Abbé Cochet, the authority on the Continental antiquities of the same era; it is further illustrated by a map of Saxon England, in which all the principal cemeteries of the various Saxon tribes are carefully noted, whose value to the Saxon student is obvious. Mr. Fairholt gives at plate and description of a grotesque masque of punishment, obtained from the Castle of Nuremberg, and now in the collection of Lord Londesborough. These restraints for unruly tongues were introduced into northern Europe, Mr. Fairholt thinks, at the time of the accession of Charles V. of Spain to the throne of Germany. English examples of them, under the name of "scolds' bridles," exist in the church of Walton-on-Thames; Plott gives an engraving of another in his "History of Staffordshire;" Brand, in his "History of Newcastle-on-Tyne," engravings another; another is in the Town Hall, Worcester; another in the possession of the Town Council of Lichfield; another at Leicester, which came from the Town Hall there; the Marquis of Anglesea has one at Beaumaris; and another, in the shape of a masque, something like this from Nuremberg, is preserved at Hartastall Ridware. Several similar instruments—there called "Branks"—are preserved in Scotland. They are, together with the disused parish stocks, curious relics of the system, which seems to have obtained chiefly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of punishing and endeavouring to prevent minor breaches of social order and propriety, by exposing the culprits to the ridicule of their neighbours. The most interesting thing in the volume is a plate of a unique terra-cotta Grecian vase, found in a grave at Canosa, formerly in the collection of the Prince of Syracuse, now in that of Mr. Mayer of Liverpool. The general outline of the vase is globular, with a short neck, and one handle at the back; its height, exclusive of the statuettes which adorn it, is eighteen inches. In front, in the middle of the swell of the vase, is a Medusa's head in bas-relief, and over it a bas-relief group of two cupids; on each side of this centre-piece is a half-figure of a centaur in full relief, springing out of the body of the vase with great vigour of action. On each side of the handle is a little pedestal, and the handle itself forms another pedestal, upon which are three statuettes forming a dramatic group, which Mr. F. R. B. Büöcke identifies as representing the scene from Sophocles, in which Ulysses and Diomed surprise Dolon in his attempt to steal the horses of Achilles. These statuettes appear to be eight or nine inches high, and are very admirably and spiritedly designed. Originally the vase has been painted with various colours, traces of which still remain. Our readers who are conversant with such works will fully appreciate the exceeding value and interest of this vase; nothing similar to it has yet been discovered: very probably it was fabricated for some special purpose, perhaps for presentation to the Greek in whose grave it was found, in honour of his merits or achievements. Mr. Edward Benn gives a second notice of British antiquities, devoted to the peculiarities of the glass beads so frequently found with the interments of that era. He considers them to be of native manufacture, and to form therefore another proof that the race which fabricated them was advanced far beyond the condition of barbarism. In a second paper on the materials for the history of the two counties, and the mode of using them, Mr. J. Robson gives an enumeration of the literary sources of general English history for the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, with a critical examination of the value of their evidence, which will be interesting and valuable to the young student of English history. The volume contains also a number of highly interesting papers on subjects connected with natural history and general literature, which it does not fall within the scope of our article to notice further, with the exception of one of them—a very interesting and pleasant paper of learned gossip on the connection between archaeology and natural history, by Mr. Joseph Clarke, of Saffron Walden, which we very heartily commend to our readers' enjoyment.

The *London and Middlesex Archaeological Society* is exhibiting a great deal of vigorous life; it is a very little time since we had to report a successful general meeting of the society at Crosby Hall; and we have already to report another, still more successful in point of numbers, at the other end of London, viz., in the French Gallery in Pall Mall. After the formal business, the Rev. T. Hugo read a paper on the Primeval History of London and Middlesex; exhibiting in illustration of it a number of British and Roman antiquities of stone and metal, which have been found chiefly in the Thames at Teddington, Hampton Court, and Battersea-bridge. Mr. Mogford, F.S.A., read a paper on Recollections of Westminster, containing chiefly notices of the Abbey and Hall. Mr. Mogford says that a proposition has been made to raise the roof of Westminster Hall; a proceeding which he deprecates, and calls upon the lovers of

medieval architecture to combine to resist. Mr. Fergusson has suggested in his recent Handbook of Architecture that, if that Hall had been raised fifty or sixty feet higher, and properly lighted, it would have been the finest interior in England; but we were not aware that any proposition had been seriously made to effect the alteration. However, if such be the case, and if professional men advise that the thing is practicable, we should certainly incur Mr. Mogford's censure by giving our voice for the alteration. Surely no one can look along the hall without feeling painfully the lowness of that vast roof. It reminds us of the space between the stone vaulting and the timber roof of a cathedral nave; and the defect has been made still more evident by the recent construction of the great staircase at its southern end. But to return to the meeting in Pall Mall. The Rev. C. Boutell next read a paper on the Tombs and Monuments of Westminster Abbey. Mr. G. G. Scott read a very interesting paper on the Chapter-house of Westminster. It has been so modernised that few perhaps are aware that the half-ruinous mouldering old building near the Poets' Corner is the original Chapter-house, built in the reign of Henry III., about the year 1250, at the same period as the Abbey, and then spoken of as "the incomparable Chapter-house of Westminster." After the Dissolution it was used for the purposes of the House of Commons; but in the time of Edward VI. that King gave up St. Stephen's Chapel (another exquisite building) to the Lower House of Parliament, and the Chapter-house became a receptacle for the records of the kingdom. In 1714, the modern alterations were made in the building. The mediaevalists will think a little less bitterly of Sir Christopher Wren when they learn that he refused to sanction the vandalism which was then perpetrated, and that the work was placed in other hands. These "repairs" were as follows: The roof was taken off; the vaulting was destroyed; the beautiful original windows were blocked up, and round-headed ones inserted in their stead; the original entrance was blocked up, and a miserable door placed in its stead; and the character of the building was destroyed generally as far as possible. Mr. Scott, after laborious examinations amidst the rubbish with which the place is crowded, succeeded in recovering data for a restoration of the original building on paper, and exhibited to the meeting the result in a beautiful drawing and plan, which we hope will be given to the world through the pages of some one of our illustrated contemporaries. The rubbish, by-the-by, through which Mr. Scott had to find his way—in some places in piles ten feet thick; in a long passage, through which he groped his way, trodden down into a solid mass—is possibly rather valuable rubbish; for it consists of ancient records. Mr. Scott tells us that the portion of them which he discovered—for their existence appears to have been previously overlooked—in the long passage, has since been removed to the library, and is now in proper custody. Among the antiquities of interest which were exhibited, besides those exhibited by Mr. Hugo, were architectural fragments from the Temple Church, St. Stephen's Chapel, and other buildings, by Mr. Sidney Smirke; a collection of rare maps, views, and other illustrations, by Hollar and others, of Old London and Westminster; numerous valuable engravings of Old St. Paul's; and an extremely curious view of Cheapside, of the time of Charles I., said to be the earliest street view of London known to exist (?); some excellent water-colour sketches, by Mr. J. H. Le Keux, of ancient buildings in Middlesex; and specimens of British and Roman pottery, seals, coins, tradesmen's tokens, &c. &c.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### PICTURE SALES.

MR. CHARLES BIRCH's pictures, which were sold on the 27th and 28th of last month, at Messrs. Foster's Auction-rooms, fetched, in some cases, very considerable prices. Several of the pictures, however, were, as we have been given to understand, bought by two brilliant little vignettes, in water colours, by Turner, one entitled "On the Nile," the other, "Calais Lighthouse," went for 60 and 55 guineas. Beautiful fairy-like imaginations they were, and, pace Mr. Ruskin, as little like anything real as possible. They have a poetical reality of their own, which is quite another thing. Turner's "Approach to Venice," which we recollect in the Academy Exhibition of 1844, looked as gay and unreal as ever, a dazzling haze of colour. It was knocked down at 840 guineas. Mr. Macleish's "Baron's Hall," which lately astonished the natives at Paris, was bought in, we believe, at 1000 guineas. Etty's "Golden Age"—one of his best pieces of colour, and of which it has been fairly enough observed, that, as Turner's "Carthage" holds its ground between two Claudes, so this picture might, without diminution, be hung between two Titians—went at 80 guineas; whether sold or not we are unable to say. A brilliant River Scene, and a Windmill, by John Linnell, both fetched 520 guineas. The former of these pictures was founded originally, we believe, on a sketch of Müller's; but Mr. Linnell has given to it a glow of colour all his own. A little Nursery Scene, by Plassan, could hardly be consi-

dered very cheap at 84 guineas, for which it went; while W. Hunt's incomparable "Cricketer" and "Cold Morning" fetched but 81 and 49 guineas. These latter prices are, however, considered high for water-colour drawings; though, if we were to look only to intrinsic excellence, and the *quantum* of gratification and amusement afforded by these works, we must judge differently.

This sale included a very choice collection of pictures not belonging to the Birch collection. Frith's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was among them, and was sold for 470 guineas. A view off Texel, with the entrance to the Zuider Zee, by Mr. Stanfield, went for 475 guineas. An exquisite bit of landscape, by James Thomas Linnell, "Firs and Furze," worked out in a style of marvellous minuteness, did not get beyond 100 guineas. Two dark-eyed beauties, one by Mr. C. Baxter and the other by Mr. J. Sant, were sold for 130 and 102 guineas.

Among the works of artists whom we already reckon as belonging to the past, was "The Barge," by Constable; not a very favourable specimen perhaps. It sold for 350 guineas. A River Scene, by that rare artist Bonington, realised no more than 40 guineas; it appeared to us to be fully worthy of his fame, and a work of singular beauty.

The sale altogether comprehended ninety-one lots, among which were few, if any, which did not indicate the exercise of the utmost taste and judgment in their selection.

A picture by Pordenone, an artist of the Venetian school, has been presented to the National Gallery. We should have called it the picture of a giant sitting over an arch; but it is described as an apostle, and seems to have been intended for the decoration of some church. It is a fine and bold work, and an acceptable acquisition, the Gallery not having previously possessed a specimen of this master.

#### CRIMEAN EXHIBITION.

THE Crimea and its scenes will soon be as familiar to us as Hampstead Heath or Greenwich Park. Some of the sketches by Mr. William Simpson we have had occasion to notice before. The whole of the extensive series, now including interior views of the town of Sebastopol, and a somewhat Turner-esque view of the retreat of the Russians across their celebrated bridge of boats, are now visible at 121, Pall-mall. In contrast with the scenes of war to which Mr. Simpson's pencil is principally devoted, are the sketches of M. Carlo Bossoli, taken in times of peace, and presenting the natural beauties of the Crimean rocks and streams, the lovely valleys of the Alma and the Katcha, and the dances and festivities of the Tartar population. The most notable feature, however, of the exhibition, are two large pictures by Mr. Armitage, of the Balaklava charge and the fight of Inkerman. The artist has treated both subjects with the strictest attention to truthfulness, as far as that was possible. Portraits of some of the most distinguished heroes of the two combats are of course introduced. Of the two pictures, perhaps that of Inkerman is the more successful in bringing before us the incidents of the event. The cold, drizzling, grey mist, the Russian myriads stealing furtively up the sides of the heath-clad ravine, and appearing suddenly over the brow of the hill, the bristling of bayonets, and the confusion of hand-to-hand engagement, are well represented. The prevailing grey tone of the picture is relieved by the more cheerful costume of the Zouaves who are hastening to assist. In the other picture the moment chosen is when the furious charge of the heavy brigade repulsed and broke through the Russian cavalry, but the destructive artillery which immediately after mowed down so many of the devoted band does not appear. In the distance lie the mountains, calm and silent, as if no bloody work were going on in the valley beneath.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. GAMBART has commissioned M. Dubufe, a pupil of Delaroche, to execute a large picture of the Peace Conferences. The artist is to have 1200*l.* for his work, which will be brought to England in search of an engraver. The engraving just delivered to the London Art Union subscribers for the current year is one of the best of the series issued by that body, being a very delicate rendering by Mr. Wilmore of a charming pastoral in the collection of Mr. Naylor, Landsee, and Calcott's "Harvest in the Highlands." The models for six new statues, illustrating passages in the history and literature of Great Britain, have been selected by the London City authorities, and the six commissions finally given. Mr. Baily undertakes another Miltonic figure, "The Spirit of the Woods;" Mr. W. von a statue of "Britomart," from Spenser's "Fairy Queen;" Mr. Theed, a figure of "Gray's Bard;" Mr. Durham, a statue of "Hermione," in the "Winter's Tale;" Mr. Weekes, a figure of "Sardanapalus," from Byron's tragedy; and Mr. Foley, a statue the subject of which is not yet determined. These works are to be executed in marble, at a cost of 700*l.* each. Earl Stanhope's motion, "That a humble address be presented to Her Majesty, that Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to take into her

Royal consideration, in connection with the site of the present National Gallery, the practicability and expediency of forming by degrees a gallery of original portraits, such portraits to consist as far as possible of those persons who are most honourably commemorated in British history as warriors or as statesmen, or in arts, in literature, or in science," was agreed to, the words "such portraits to consist as far as possible of the most eminent persons in British history" being substituted for "those persons who are most honourably commemorated in British history." A new character portrait of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, by M. Dubufe, is exciting much interest in Paris.

Prof. Karl Conrad, of Düsseldorf, has finished his great architectural picture "Der Kölner Dom in seiner Vollendung"—a work of art, upon which its industrious author has bestowed more than seven years' labour. The German artist, Cornelius, has just completed a work which has occupied him for some years in Rome. It is a picture representing the Last Judgment, and is to be executed in fresco at Berlin, in the church attached to the cemetery of the royal family of Prussia, in colossal dimensions, the total height of the composition being ninety-six feet, and that of the principal figures seventeen feet. The Association formed to restore the front of the Cathedral of Speyer has received 20,000 florins from the Emperor of Austria, and is promised 32,000 more; from the King Louis of Bavaria 30,000, from the Duke of Nassau 7250, and from the King of Prussia 1000.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

It has been for some time announced that Mr. Henri Drayton has been preparing an entertainment, in which, assisted by his talented young wife, he will illustrate a journey to the falls of Niagara and back again. We are now able positively to state that the fulfilment of this promise is nigh at hand. Mr. Drayton's entertainment is now prepared for the test of public opinion, and will shortly be announced. *Apropos* of this admirable singer we notice that the operatic company with which Drury Lane opens after Easter includes Mr. and Mrs. Drayton. The *Trovatore* is in rehearsal, and Mr. Drayton holds Graziani's rôle. The hero himself will be rendered by Mr. Augustus Braham. — M. W. S. Bennett has been elected to the Cambridge Professorship of Music by a large majority. — Handel's "Messiah" was performed at the Harrow School on Thursday week, the principals being Miss Stabbach and Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. Tillyard. — The disastrous fire at Covent Garden Theatre on the morning of Wednesday, besides the total destruction of the house, has caused other losses more irreparable. The collection, both of music and of books, was extensive and unique, and there were many valuable manuscripts of the masters of dramatic and lyric art. — We have received a letter from Mr. Albano, the architect, who reconstructed Covent Garden Theatre in 1846, complaining of certain statements which have appeared in the daily press. Mr. Albano objects to the term "remodelled" being applied to the works which he executed upon the theatre, as conveying too mean an idea of their nature and extent. Mr. Albano also states that the entire cost of those works was neither 40,000*l.* or 75,000*l.* as stated in various journals, but was under 23,000*l.* besides 4000*l.* for fixtures, gasoliers, &c. He also denies that *bond timber* (horizontal timbers frequently introduced into brick or stone walls, with the erroneous idea of strengthening them) was "either introduced or left;" but, on the contrary, he declares that he removed all he found there.

The Sultan, Abdul Medjid, after listening to the performance of a very energetic French pianist, called the delighted professor to his side, and remarked— "I have heard Thalberg—I have heard Liszt—but of all the men I have ever heard, I have never seen one perspire so much as you do." — *Only a Soul*, a play with a Russian plot, which the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* mentions as having been forbidden in Prussia at the instigation of the Russian Ambassador, has at length been allowed to be produced on the stage. The success of the piece was very great, and much increased by its prohibition. Herr Wolffsohn, the author, a resident of Dresden, was called before the curtain, and greeted with loud applause by the Berlin audience.

#### LITERARY NEWS.

It is said that Mr. Sergeant Adams has left behind him a MS. novel in 3 vols. It is now in the hands of Mr. Newby for publication. It is entitled "Randal Vaughan," and amongst other good things, it is said, there is an admirable "trial scene" in it. — Mr. Rogers's "Table Talk" ran into a second edition in the week in which it was first published. — The seventh and eighth volumes of Moore's *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence*, edited by Lord John Russell, and completing the work, with a copious Index, will be published in the course of March. — Mr. G. W. Thornbury, Author of the "History of

the Buccaneers," has in the press a new work, entitled "Shakspeare's England; or, a Sketch of our Social History during the reign of Elizabeth," in 2 vols. crown 8vo. — The Rev. F. Metcalfe, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, is writing a new history of German literature, based on the German work of Vilmar. It is intended as a companion to Professor Max Müller's new "German Reading-book."

The novels known as "Bentley's Standard Novels" were last week sold by auction at prices beyond the offer which Mr. Routledge is said to have made for them. Mr. Routledge offered five thousand five hundred pounds, and the series sold for six thousand three hundred pounds. Of this sum the Marryats produced three thousand three hundred pounds. "Peter Simple" realised the largest sum. The next in amount was Mr. Albert Smith's "Ledbury." — The *Liverpool Times*, the oldest newspaper in the town, has announced its last issue. It was originally a weekly paper, but latterly it has been published tri-weekly, at the reduced price of three-halfpence. — A new *feuilleton* in the *Presse*, called "La Femme de Lettres," of which only three numbers have appeared, has been suppressed by authority, the work being considered of a Socialist tendency. The fact is intimated by the *Presse* in the following terms:—"An obstacle, beyond our control and that of the author, prevents us from continuing the publication of M. Eugène Sue's new romance."

Mr. Panizzi's appointment as Principal Librarian of the British Museum has received the Queen's assent. — Sir Henry Ellis is now one of the few English living authors whose first work was published in the past century. The "History of Shoreditch," by Henry Ellis, was a publication of the eighteenth century. — Mr. Layard has been unanimously re-elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. An attempt was made to bring forward the Duke of Newcastle, who refused the nomination, and after his refusal the Lord Advocate was applied to, but he also declined a contest. — The *North British Daily Mail* says:—"The Highlanders of Glenmore, in Inverness-shire, feeling aggrieved and indignant at the slanderous charges brought by Mr. Macaulay against their predecessors in his last volume of the "History of England," assembled together, and, headed by a piper playing the "Rogue's March," proceeded to the Black Rock, near Glenmore-house, and there burnt in effigy the distinguished historian. The assembled crowd gave three shouts of execration as the effigy was consuming. Mr. Macaulay, when in the Highlands, resided for a considerable period at Glenmore-house. — There occurred at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, on Saturday week, a sale of interesting autographs, which were contested with much zeal and ardour, as shown by the prices subjoined.

Lot 30, a letter of Talleyrand to George III., 6*l.* Lot 41, "Discorso della Virtù Femminile," in the autograph of Tasso, 40*l.* Lot 44, a letter of General Wolfe on the operations against Quebec, 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Lot 47, another from the same, 4*l.* 6*s.* Lot 57, a letter of Cowper, relating the anecdote of his dog Beau, 6*l.* 10*s.* Lot 109, Fenelon's Defence against Bossuet on the subject of "Quietism." Lot 113, a charter of William the Conqueror, 15*l.* — It is rather remarkable that two of the special correspondents of the London papers, who have signalised themselves by their spirited details of the recent war from its seat, are Irishmen, and have been lately claimed and honoured as such. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred (as we lately noticed) on W. H. Russell, Esq., of the *Times*, by Trinity College. Since then J. Godkin, Esq., the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, has visited Belfast, and delivered an exceedingly clever and graphic address on his impressions of the war, in the shape of a paper, read before the Literary Society of the Queen's College, in that town, of which he had formerly been an *alumnus*. If honorary degrees are not forbidden in the "Queen's University," we think that Mr. Godkin is not unlikely to be awarded such a compliment in that quarter as his brother correspondent has borne away from the elder and more aristocratic establishment. — Professor Ernest Curtius, of Berlin, justly celebrated for his philological and historical erudition, and up to a recent date tutor to the eldest son of the Prince of Prussia, has accepted an invitation, from the University of Goettingen, to fill up the vacant chair of the late Professor K. F. Hermann. — Miss Frederica Bremer, in the Swedish newspapers, thankfully acknowledges the liberal gift of 12,000 thalers, destined for the establishment of an asylum for old deserving governesses, and sent to her by a lady who wishes to remain unknown. — The French Government has authorised the publication of the archives of the Commission of Historical Monuments. They consist of a series of treatises, reports, &c., by architects, artists, archaeologists, and literary men, on the ancient monuments of France, from the Roman and Frank times down to the Renaissance, and are to be embellished with engravings of the various monuments. — A year or two ago the discovery, at Weimar, of a wholesale manufactory of forged autographs, mostly of Schiller, created a considerable sensation among the autograph collectors of Germany. The case has now been brought to a close, and the forgers have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and hard labour. Even Frau von Gleichen, the surviving daughter of Schiller, was taken in by their

tricks. She bought of them what she thought to be her father's letters and manuscripts, for an amount of 1400 thalers: the Royal Library at Berlin bought papers for 300 thalers.

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET.—*The Evil Genius*: a Play in Three Acts, by Bayle Bernard.

THE FIRE AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE—RUMOURS AS TO FUTURE PROSPECTS OF.

FESTIVITIES OF PASSION WEEK.

MR. BAYLE BERNARD'S comedy, *The Evil Genius*, is a practical reply to those who insist that Story is indispensable to a good play. It is perfectly successful; it is an admirable piece; yet it has no story. When I say that it has no story, it might as well have none; for to state the chain of events as they are developed by the piece, would be to recount that oft-told tale which ends in a rich old father discovering his long-lost che-ild and endowing him with his fortune, his blessing, and his favourite ward.

*Hill Cooley, Esq.* (Mr. Chippendale), a retired East Indian, has returned to this country with great wealth, an ambition to get into fashionable society, and a desire to forget his vulgar origin and a marriage which he had contracted in early life. His "evil genius" is *Tom Ristone* (Mr. Buckstone), an old friend, who turns up most inauspiciously, and will insist upon having a finger in all the nabob's pies, baffling his schemes, exposing him to his fashionable acquaintance, and opposing his marriage with *Mrs. Montgomery*, a scheming widow of family, who is willing to barter "blood for money." *Barton* (Mr. Edwin Villiers) is the nabob's surgeon, a handsome and very worthy young fellow, in love with *Clara Fielding* (Miss Swanborough), an heiress and a beauty. There is a certain *Lady Ringwood* (Miss Reynolds), a charming young widow; and a *Mr. Walmsley* (Mr. W. Farren), an exquisite with a substratum of manliness; and a *Joe Withers* (Mr. Compton), a dazed old postman; and one *Docket* (Mr. Rogers), a lawyer—all these characters go to fill up the story, which concludes with the success of *Ristone's* schemes, the marriage of *Barton* and *Clara*, and the recognition of the former as the nabob's son by the old marriage.

From this slight sketch, it will be seen that the plot bears a striking resemblance to that of Mr. Poole's "Paul Pry"; only *Mr. Ristone*, the double of that incarnation of curiosity, is softened down into an amiable and good-natured fellow, whose actions are inspired by some nobler motive than the mere gratification of a vulgar curiosity. *Ristone* is evidently the centre of the whole picture, and around him all the characters move. Need I say that what racy humour the part is supported by Mr. Buckstone? Mr. Chippendale (ever the most careful and intelligent of stage "old gentlemen") surpasses himself in the constrained respectability, suppressed good-feeling, and nervous inability to deal with his novel surroundings, which he illustrates in the nabob Compton's impersonation of the silly old postman is a great creation; I feel it impossible to describe in words the supernatural muddle in which the brains of that famous old Mercury appear to be. *Miss Swanborough*, as the interesting young *ingenue*, is perfectly charming and in perfect good taste. The piece is well got up, and should repay Mr. Buckstone for the labour which he has bestowed upon it.

The lamentable catastrophe which has deprived London of its most beautiful theatre, and the lyric art of one of its noblest temples, is now so well known throughout the country, that I need not recount the details here. Of course, now the mischief is done, it is an easy—and to some persons it may be a genial task to reproach everybody concerned with folly, if not with crime—to abuse Mr. Anderson for taking the theatre, and Mr. Gye for letting it, and the public for going to it. It is easy to say that we always expected it to happen, and that if we did not actually say as much, we had intended to do so, but didn't; it is easy to talk about the cupidity of Mr. Gye, in succumbing to the temptation of 2000*l.* rent, and of the charlatany of Mr. Anderson, in presuming to conjure upon a stage which Grisi and Mario had dignified by their vocal feats; it is even easy to insinuate darkly—and with due respect for the law of libel—that the conflagration was not quite fortuitous; all this is nothing more than *ex post facto* wisdom which predicts events that have come to pass, and discovers a mare's nest in every tree.

In my opinion, the only point in the case—as it stands between Messrs. Gye and Anderson—to which blame is justly attachable, is that which refers to the *Bal Masqué*. It gives an added bitterness to the reflection, when we recollect that this splendid property has fallen a victim to one of those most disgusting, most wicked, and above all most stupid pieces of folly. We all know what a public masquerade in this country is. Abroad it has something to recommend it; there is at least a certain amount of spirit and good-humour, and the devilry is not altogether without the spice of wit; but here it is the silliest, the most blackguardly, the most sordidly sottish piece of folly conceivable. The masquers become, like *Circe's* victims, converted into swine, and that of the worst description, for they conduct them-

selves in a manner which would be scouted among well-bred pigs. And it was to one of these unholy revels that this glorious theatre fell a victim—more ignobly than Diana's Temple, fired by the torch of *Erostratus*.

If you ask me how I believe the catastrophe came about, I reply that I believe it to have been caused by the overheated state of the roof, and that again by reason of the prolonged time during which the gasoliers had been alight. No one who has not been over the roof of a theatre can form an idea of the heat which rises from those mounts of flame. The central gasolier in Covent Garden contained no less than 997 burners. The roof was formed of vast beams of white oak; and that cannot be set on fire so speedily as to come raining down in a blaze at a few minutes' notice. Fires caused by an escape of gas begin with an explosion. The cigar-end hypothesis is absurd. The incendiary theory (suggested by Mr. Castles, the fireman to the theatre) is the subterfuge of a man who confesses that he was neglecting his duty, and who is glad to snatch at any straw that can offer him the semblance of an excuse. Altogether I believe the overheating of the roof to be the best explanation yet offered. The suddenness and completeness of the destruction prove how vain are all schemes for rendering fire impossible. Covent Garden Theatre had a mighty tank of water on its roof, and a band of firemen appointed to ward off the fiery peril; yet, when the moment came, the firemen were not at their posts, and the tank of water was boiled by the fire lit beneath it.

Speculation is now rife as to the manner in which Mr. Gye will redeem his promise to carry out his engagements for the season in spite of this overwhelming disaster. People naturally look towards Her Majesty's Theatre—within whose empty and deserted walls Lumley sits, a ragged monarch, without even a property throne—as the quarter from which help will arise. The two operatic potentates (lately so belligerent) are imitating their betters in Paris, and have held several conferences upon the points at issue; but whether Sultan Lumley will abandon the protection of the Haymarket, or Czar Gye will consent to a joint occupation, is only known to the diplomats engaged. Among other rumours, I hear that Mr. Gye has made an offer to Mr. Buckstone for "the little theatre in the Haymarket," but without success—Mr. B. having completed his arrangements for the season. I also hear that Mr. E. T. Smith has been expecting Mr. Gye to bid for Drury Lane, and is disappointed at his not doing so; but Mr. Smith must remember that he has made the odour of his theatre unpleasant in the nostrils of the Court party and the aristocracy. Finally, I hear that Mr. Arnold—true to the instinct which appears to dictate the sensible principle upon which he manages the Lyceum—has raised the rent of that theatre to a pitch which no one in his senses would dream of paying. So, in spite of Mr. Gye's promises, we may, after all, be in a dead lock for our opera this season, unless indeed the Victoria can be got cheap, and the fashionables be induced to cross the bridges.

Another point is, will Covent Garden Theatre be rebuilt? It is said that the Duke of Bedford has long been desirous of buying out the lessees and disposing of the land for more profitable purposes. It is also said that a company have an eye upon the land, as the site for a monster hotel, upon the American principle. Meantime a meeting of the proprietors of the old theatre is fixed to take place this very day, when the question will doubtless be agitated.

Passion-week is, as usual, a holiday for the theatres—a lull before the business of Easter. Still there are a variety of entertainments projected. Mr. Adams takes his orrery to the Princess's; and we have no doubt that the movements of the planets will be quite as instructive, if not as gaudy, as the gorgeous upholstery of "King Henry VIII." That talented and popular actor, Mr. Emery, has taken Drury Lane Theatre for five nights, for the purpose of appearing "in a series of novel entertainments, in which the various delineations of character will be presented and the different incidents depicted entirely by himself." The programme looks promising, and the name of the talented entertainer is in itself a powerful attraction. *Picco*, the blind Sardinian minstrel, is to pipe upon his marvellous whistle all through the week at the Adelphi. A monster concert is to take place at Exeter Hall on Monday night, for which upwards of thirty vocalists are announced. *Quel monstre!*

JACQUES.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean has produced a new play from the pen of Tom Taylor, entitled *The First Printer*, founded on a German legend, which attributes Gutenberg's claim to the invention to a breach of faith committed against a fellow-workman, Costar, who was the real inventor. This slight incident has been wrought into a very dramatic plot by the author, and embodied in a fine setting of scenery and decoration by the manager. The situations afford opportunities for the display of Mr. Kean's greatest capacities in the scenes between himself and Gutenberg; and seldom have we seen passion more thrillingly expressed. It is likely to have a run.

PANORAMA OF SEBASTOPOL.—Mr. Burford has opened a panorama of Sebastopol as seen during the assault. It was drawn from photographs taken on the spot, so that it is strictly true, every stone being represented as it was on the day following the capture. This fact will suffice to attract to it every person who desires to see the great drama acted, as it were, before his very eyes.

REUNION DES ARTS.—We are happy to learn that this pleasant society has been resuscitated, and is about immediately to resume its meetings with a great accession to its original attractions and members.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. MICHAEL'S, COVENTRY.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—When viewing with a friend, some few years since, the beautiful church of St. Michael, Coventry, he pointed out to me the leaning position of the choir to the north or right side of the church; a fact which, notwithstanding his belief that it was intentional, and conveyed an idea of the leaning of the head of Christ on the right shoulder, during his crucifixion, I have in no other instance heard of in England. Reading, however, lately, "Pictures of Travel in the South of France," by A. Dumas, I observed (p. 46) the following:—"The choir inclined a little more to the right than to the left, because Christ leaned his head upon the right shoulder while dying." If any of your correspondents can point out any authority, than the one just quoted, which states the building of the choir of St. Michael, or any other English choir, in a leaning position, to be intentional, as a symbolical representation of Christ crucified, I should be obliged; as the reason must, from whatever motive, have been an important one, or why should so great a departure from the general rule exist in the case alluded to?

Yours, faithfully, G.

## OBITUARY.

ALLAN, Madame, aged 46, the well-known actress of the *Theatre Français*, on the 22nd ult., of a painful malady. Her maiden name was Despréaux, and she first appeared on the stage as far back as 1821, in children's parts.

DÖHLER, Herr, the pianist, at Florence. He has been long in

a very bad state of health. Don, George, aged 59, at Bedford-place, Campden-Hill, Kensington, on the 25th ult. Mr. Don was a brother of the late David Don, Librarian and curator of the Linnean Society, and latterly Professor of Botany in King's College, and both were sons of Mr. George Don, of Forfar, an admirable field botanist of the old school, to whom we are indebted for the discovery of many interesting plants of the Highlands, communicated in letters to Sir James Smith, author of the *English Botanist*.

LAUDNER, M., a Frenchman, established at St. Petersburg since 1829, in that city. He was a pupil of Horace Vernet, and his works were a good deal esteemed in Russia, where they have nearly all remained. He was specially patronised by the Emperor Nicholas.

RENNER, Madame Augusta, née Segadin, aged 94, the same lady whom Schiller, in consequence of a friendly joke, has mentioned in "Wolffenstein's Lüger," as Gustel von Blasewitz. Her father's country seat, Blasewitz, near Dresden, lies opposite Loschwitz, where Schiller, then living with his friend Körner, finished "Don Carlos." The good old lady outlived the illustrious friend of her younger days by more than half a century, thus enjoying for a considerable time the satisfaction of being looked upon and honoured as a living remembrance of Germany's great dramatist.

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